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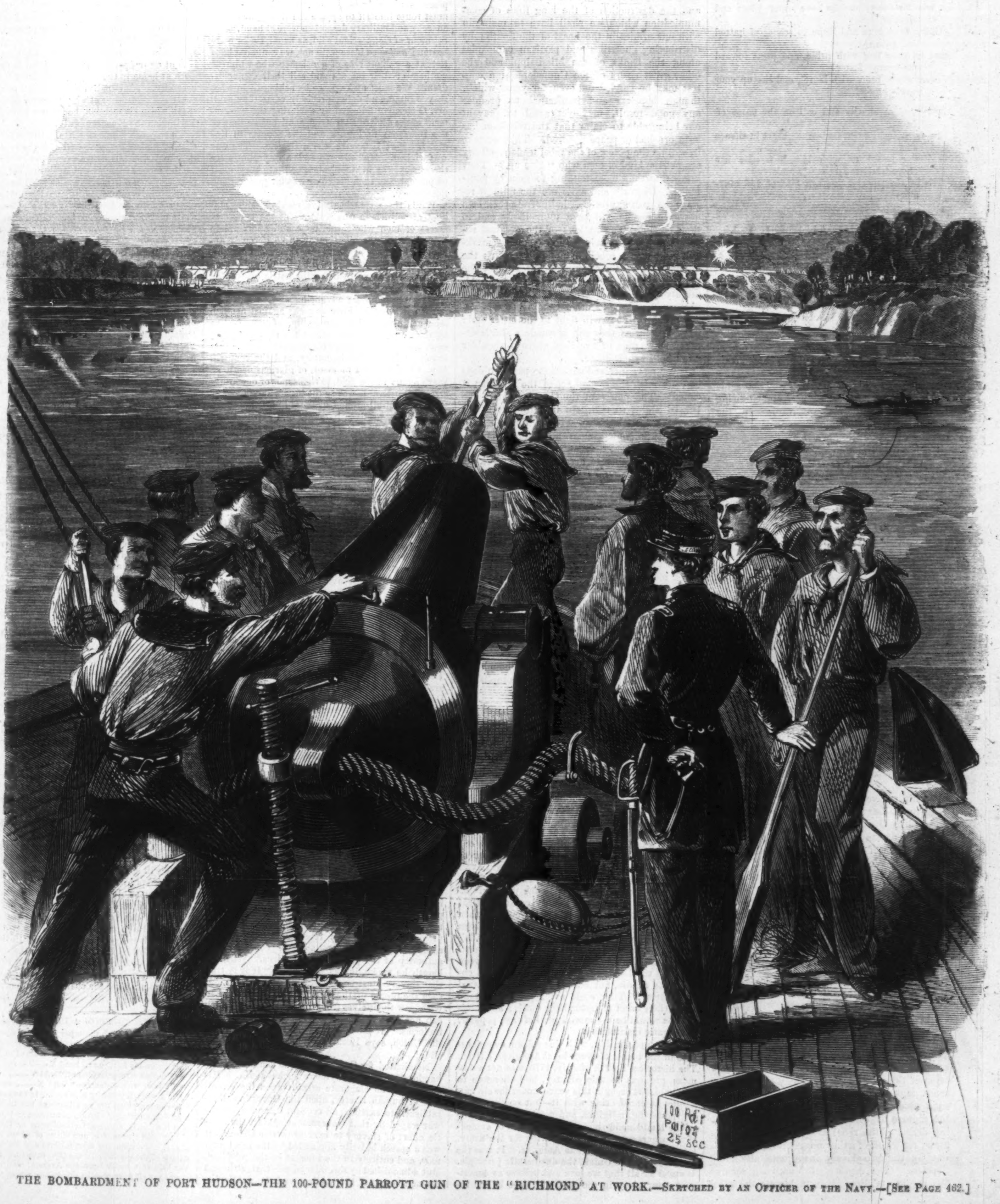


THE BOMBARDMENT OF PORT HUDSON—THE 100-POUND PARROTT GUN OF THE "RICHMOND" AT WORK.—Sketched by an Officer of the Navy.—[See Page 462.]

GETTYSBURG.

GRANDLY the army wrought, on the murderous field of battle;
It has wiped the stain of defeat from every soldier's brow:
Mid the clash of steel on steel, and shouts, and the harsh death-rattle,
The Army of the Potomac has won a victory now!

Honor to ye brave men, from the battle wounded and gory!
Honor to ye brave men, whom the angel of death passed by!
Ages on ages hence shall others rehearse your story,
And pray that when duty calls like you they may live or die.

Though your worldly lives be obscured in the light of freedom's dawning,
Though the very graves ye rest in be marked with dimness and doubt,
Angel voices shall call to your resurrection morning—
God Himself is your Captain, and He will leave no man out!

Ye, who for weary months have suffered loss and disaster,
Going from love and home to scenes of hatred and pain,
Gaze on your flag with pride, and press toward the enemy faster!
Deck every brow with laurel, and lift up your heads again!

Then kneel reverently and call on the name of Jesus.
Be every head uncovered—each heart in silence adore.
He has crowned us with His love—He has blessed His erring creatures!
His be the power and glory forever and evermore!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1863.

THE GOOD NEWS.

AFTER a long period of gloom and discouragement, we can again congratulate our readers upon good news. On 3d July, at 5 P.M., the broken masses of Lee's rebel army, recoiling from the shock of Meade's veterans, were flying to the mountains, throwing aside their guns and cartridge-boxes, and strewing the plains of Southern Pennsylvania with the material of war; while on the one side the Army of the Potomac, flushed with victory and believing in its commander, was hotly pressing the fugitives in their retreat *Northward;* and on the other, the yeomen of New York and Pennsylvania, under Couch, fresh from peaceful pursuits, but as steady as veterans, were pressing down on their flank, and converting their attempted retreat into a rout. Not only did the rebels leave dead and wounded in our hands. The skulkers and stragglers from Lee's army—who fill every farm-house and thicket in Southern Pennsylvania and Maryland—are alone said to number one-fourth of the effective force with which he entered Maryland. Of the guns lost by the rebels, and taken by us, the reports are thus far so conflicting that we do not care to repeat them. It is evident, however, that Lee must have lost in his hasty and disorderly retreat a great portion of his artillery; and if, as is reported, Meade came up with him at or near Williamsport on 7th, and engaged him while he was preparing to cross into Virginia, his loss of guns will probably prove irreparable. Men may ford the river even in its present swollen condition, but guns can not; and without an adequate artillery force Lee's forces will never get back to Richmond as an army.

Within twelve hours after the defeat of the rebels under Lee the garrison of Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant. We have as yet no details of the event—nothing, we may say, but a very brief dispatch from Admiral Porter to Secretary Welles. On this account the authenticity of the news has been questioned by some rebel sympathizers. We can see no good reason, however, for assuming its incorrectness. On the contrary, the last letters from Vicksburg, dated up to 28th ult., all foreshadow the early surrender of the place, partly from the effect of our bombardment and mining operations, and partly from the want of provisions. Before these lines are read all doubts will be removed by the receipt of fuller intelligence, and we take for granted that that intelligence will confirm the present belief that we have taken Vicksburg with all its garrison and artillery.

It is assumed by some of our papers and many of our people that the defeat of Lee's army and the fall of Vicksburg involve the collapse of the rebellion. This may be so in one sense, inasmuch as the reopening of the Mississippi which follows as a matter of course from the capture of Vicksburg, and the overwhelming defeat of the rebel army in Northern Virginia, render the further prosecution of the contest by the pro-slavery insurgents absolutely hopeless. The capture of Vicksburg secures the capture of Port Hudson, bisects the rebel country, and leaves General Grant's army free to operate in conjunction with Banks against Mobile, or, in conjunction with Rosecrans, against Chattanooga—the geographical and strategical centre of the Confederacy; while on the other hand, the defeat of Lee uncovers Richmond, and the railroad system of Virginia, and, if properly turned to account by our people, will compel the so-called Government of the Confederacy to seek refuge in North Carolina—where, according to last accounts, they are not very likely to be welcome. In this point of view, the news which we have, if confirmed, may be said to involve, sooner or later, the collapse of the pro-slavery insurrection, and the vindication of the authority of the United States Government over the whole of the territory of the United States.

But it will probably prove a mistake to expect the actual surrender of the rebels, so long as Bragg, Beauregard, and Johnston have armies under their control. By falling back into the uplands of the Carolinas and Georgia; by concentrating their forces and their supplies; by increasing their cavalry force and devoting their energies to cavalry raids into the North, and the destruction of the long lines of communication which we shall have to maintain with our armies in the heart of the South; by distributing guerrillas and partisan companies along the banks of the Mississippi and the other great rivers of the Confederacy; a contest may be carried on even for years which, though hopeless and ineffectual to produce any good result, may yet avail to prevent our being able to claim that the rebellion has been crushed or peace restored. This, we take it, will be the policy of the rebel leaders. They are not the kind of men who "give up." They know that they have nothing to gain by penitence. Disgrace and exile are the mildest reward they can expect. A halter from their own outraged people will be a more likely end to their career. The authors of the greatest rebellion in history—a rebellion equally remarkable as being a rebellion not only against the government of their country, but against the plainest principles of truth and justice and Almighty God himself—they will not, they can not sue for terms as other vanquished combatants might. They will fight to the bitter end: fight so long as they can persuade a single deluded white man or wretched negro to shoulder a musket in their cause.

If the news received within the past two days be confirmed, the second act of the rebellion is ended. The power of the Government of the United States to maintain its authority is demonstrated, and the capacity of the rebels to establish an independent government is disproved.

It now remains to accomplish the work by suppressing the bands of rebels who, for some time to come, may be expected to infest the country in which the war has been waged, by hunting down guerrillas on the Mississippi and bands of organized insurgents in Virginia; by destroying the fortresses built to resist the authority of the Government, and studding the rebel country with other forts garrisoned by loyal black men, whose business it shall be to keep down the traitors who were their masters; by shattering every semblance of an army which the remaining insurgents may muster; and, finally, by administering to the rising generation at the South a practical and thorough lesson of the cost and inconvenience of war.

This is the work now before us. Though less arduous than the work we have accomplished, it will still task our energies severely.

THE LOUNGER.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1863.

OUR great national day broke this year in clouds and storm. The public mind had never been sadder or more excited. It was known that the decisive battle of the campaign, if not of the rebellion, was already engaged. The news that reached the city was conflicting and doubtful. That our brave brothers in the field were fighting as heroes fight was clear, but that their blood would avail to victory was yet to be known. The field of battle just a year before was upon the peninsula of Virginia. It was now in Pennsylvania. Defeat must be disastrous. Washington would be then in extreme danger, and the war would have been transferred to our soil. The banner of Meade's army was the flag of civil order, constitutional liberty, and the Union as their security. Between him and the Lakes there was a hardy people enrolled as militia, but neither trained nor massed as an army. They could not hope to withstand the furious onset of triumphant rebels; and Lee's success would be the mortal peril of free, popular, democratic institutions.

So dawned the day, with this solemn consciousness in the breast of every loyal American citizen. The historical Fourth of July, 1776, was not a day more precious to this country, and therefore to mankind. It brought this year—under the circumstances it could bring with it—but one supreme, overpowering, religious, and patriotic duty. The whole land should ring with the chorus of sympathy, encouragement, and resolution for the army. On this day that army was America. It was the Government, the Union, the democratic principle. It stood for all that we love and believe as Americans; our glory in the past, our hope in the future. That glorious army was on this day the van of human civilization.

And on this day a body of people who call themselves "the Democracy" held a mass meeting in the Academy of Music, in New York, under the auspices of a political society known as the Democratic Young Men's Association, which is the Copperhead club before which Vallandigham, James Brooks, G. Ticknor Curtis, and their associates, have furiously denounced the war, or craftily undermined public confidence in the national cause. The building was filled. The crowd was enthusiastic, after the manner of crowds upon the Fourth. The speakers were chiefly Governor Seymour of New York and Mr. Seymour who is not Governor of Connecticut. They made long and emphatic harangues. The New York Seymour, who says that he will let the Union go rather than slavery, complained that we give a dull assent to the doctrine of human equality set forth in the Declaration, and therefore we ought to let men who rebel in arms to perpetuate slavery have their own way. He informed us that our national authorities are despots and tyrants; that the fundamental principles of our Government, all our securities, all our rights, are in mortal danger from—the Government of the United States. The arrest of Vallandigham was the sure sign of the loss of all things precious to an American citizen, and every man must rouse himself to oppose the Government, for anarchy and military despotism were at hand. Mr. Seymour of Connecticut said, as usual, that we are beaten; and even if we were not, we could not hope to beat a gallant race of gentlemen who whip the mothers of their infants and sell their own children. We must make peace by asking them what they wanted, and doing precisely what they said. Mr. O'Gorman followed by declaring the Government of the United States a despotism like that of the Bourbons in France and the Stuarts in England. Fort Lafayette was a Bastile. The war was wicked. He had opposed it always, but since the enemy was in a neighboring State they must be put out, and then his voice was for giving them the victory.

While these speeches were making, while this knot of politicians was scolding at the summary arrest of men whose sole hope and effort are to help the enemy, while they were vociferously applauded by the men whom rebel successes delight, far away at Gettysburg, and Vicksburg, and Port Hudson the air was thick with battle smoke, the ground was soaked with heroic blood; charge upon charge was making; advancing and recoiling in sweat and agony. Firm as rocks against fiendish rebel assaults stood the strong lines of men who live by their own labor and respect the rights of other men, dashing into bloody fragments the bands that struck at law, order, humanity, and the country. It was the day, the moment, of glorious death, of sharp agony in the field, to thousands of our brothers—of unutterable woe to the hearts and homes of their kindred all around us—and in all this snarling, peevish, partisan haranguing, in all this contempt heaped upon the Government of the United States and the cause of the country, by the Messrs. Seymour and Company, there was not a solitary word of sympathy, of cheer, of faith, of hope, or of gratitude for the dead and dying soldiers. Not one word spoken at the Academy would have brought solace to any wounded soldier lying in the trenches before Port Hudson or Vicksburg; not one would have soothed with friendly recognition the falling hero dying for his country.

By their works and their words ye shall know them. These are the mousing party hacks who affect so nice a sensitiveness for the security of the rights of citizens, invaded, as they insist, by the Government, but who see no danger to those rights, so far as appears from their speeches, in the bloody and perjured hands of Davis and his confederates. These orators forget the soldiers who are dying for the rights of all the people, in their eagerness to howl over the wrongs of a man summarily arrested for helping the murderers of those soldiers. Thank Heaven that the Fourth of July, 1863, disgraced by the speeches of men who *call* themselves Democrats, has been immortalized by the heroism of those who *prove* themselves Democrats, or the true friends of human equality and a just government, by defeating in the field the foe to which the talkers sigh to surrender. Between the deadly earnest of a true Democracy, which subordinates every law to the public safety and the national salvation, and the false mask of Democracy which, with Horatio Seymour, is willing that the Union should perish rather than slavery should be touched, the people of this country will decide, and decide forever.

"HAIL! KING THAT" WOULD "BE!"

THE record of the present Governor of New York is plain. It is not useless nor untimely to recall it, for whenever he speaks what he says must be interpreted by the light of what he has uniformly professed. When the rebellion menaced the country, Mr. Seymour declared that the rebels had been provoked. When the rebellion began in war against the Government and the constitutional authority of the people, he fell silent. When at length he spoke, it was to say that "If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government which can not give them the protection guaranteed by its terms." If the question is between slavery and the Union, says Horatio Seymour, let the Union slide!

Nominated for Governor by the consent of Fernando Wood, Mr. Seymour spoke again. His speech was an elaborate assault upon the principles of human liberty, upon the Government established to extend and confirm it, and upon the war waged by that Government against the frantic effort of slavery to overthrow the Union. It was a speech heartily applauded by the rebel journals, and entirely in the interest of the rebellion. But admonished by shrewder friends that, although the non-voting of the soldiers and the public discontent with the slow progress of the war, were facts most favorable to his election, yet that the State of New York was still as sound as ever upon the great question of Union and Liberty, Mr. Seymour spoke once more in Brooklyn. This time he said that the war must continue, but constitutionally. His halting, languid, protesting expression of interest in the mortal peril of the country, while every man knew his sympathies, will not be forgotten by the historian of these times.

Mr. Seymour was elected Governor, and sent a message to the Legislature. Was the heart of one loyal citizen, was the hand of one faithful soldier cheered or strengthened by it? It was full of the same bitter denunciation of the Government, the same sneering at the freemen of the North for not preventing a war by renouncing their rights as citizens and their dignity as men, and of the same monstrous mis-statement of history as all his other speeches. His first official act was to summon for trial the Police Commissioners whom Fernando Wood hated. His second was to gaze complacently at a Legislature which Fernando Wood's men were trying to dissolve in anarchy, and politely decline to keep the peace.

The shrewd men stepped in again and warned this aspiring gentleman that the road to the White House did not lie in that direction. Thereupon the proceedings against the Commissioners disappeared from sight. Order grew in the Legislature; and Mr. Fernando Wood, for the present, lost his innings. The Governor was thenceforward not conspicuous until the late invasion. Then he promptly sent off troops, and took measures to organize a force at home in the State, which is an imperative necessity. And finally, having failed to appear at every other meeting at which he was announced to speak, since his election, he made a speech in New York upon the Fourth of July.

This speech is in two parts. In the first he says that, if we had compromised with the rebels before they took up arms, there would have been no war. In the second he says that military necessity is a plea which mobs may urge as well as a government, and therefore his "Republican friends" had better take care how they set the example. To these points the reply is inevitable, that no compromise could have prevented the war, and that none was possible or honorable; and that the second proposition is an absurdity, because every function and power of a lawful government may be simulated or assumed by a mob.

These are the sentiments and speeches, and this, during the mortal struggle of the country for its existence, is the career of a gentleman who proposes, if possible, to be the next President of the United States. In the novel of "Ten Thousand a Year" there is a smooth lawyer whose name is, upon the whole, the best thing in the book. But when that name is mentioned it carries no impression of uprightness, energy, manliness, steadfastness, honest conviction, ability, or generosity. It suggests merely a bland plausibility, a dextrous cunning, a smiling selfishness, a something to be steadily avoided, or to be trusted at your peril. The name, as the gentle reader will remember, is Oily Gammon.

MESSRS. CONWAY AND MASON.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Conway made a great mistake in representing himself as an agent to Mr. Fugitive Slave Bill Mason, who is notorious as the rebel emissary in London—and although his proposition was almost peculiar to himself, for certainly it is not the view of any considerable number of persons in this country—and although, once more, he has done the cause harm, as indiscreet friendship always does, yet he has also done us all and the English people a signal service by showing that the rebel agent will not agree to emancipation as the condition of separation and peace.

Mr. Conway, as every man in England will see, asked Mr. Mason a plain question, and Mr. Mason evaded a direct answer. His evasion was diplomatic and skillful, but it was none the less an evasion, and an evasion is an indirect answer. He declined to answer the question, first, upon the ground that he did not know Mr. Conway's credentials; and second, because he did not choose to, and because the Northern States will never be in a condition to ask the question. Possibly that may be so. But his correspondent was in a condition to ask the question, and asked it. He needed no credentials to authorize him to ask; nor did Mr. Mason need to see them in order to answer. Before entering upon any kind of treaty it would have been right to require the authority. But the point of interest presented by the correspondence to the British mind is—knowing very well that Messrs. Conway and Mason can not negotiate—whether, to secure independence and peace, the rebels will consent to emancipation. Mr. Mason's evasive reply is, distinctly, No.

Ingenuous John Bull may smile at the ardent and sincere young man measuring his fence with the older, craftier hand. But the craft that seems to baffle can not conceal the wound. The ardent adversary has most unskillfully dealt a mortal blow. He has revealed the truth, that slavery is dearer to the rebels, whom England befriends, than independence or peace; and he has thereby unmasked the character and purpose of the rebellion.

FROM A DIARY.

WE sat at the Club the other morning, discussing people, as clubmen sometimes do. B—— drove by.

"There goes a man who prefers to crawl on his belly to walking on his feet," exclaimed X——, earnestly.

"That's a strong statement," said Y——.

"It is a true statement," said X——, emphatically; "and I will tell you why it is true. In the early days, before Sumter, when the rebellion was hatching, there was a private meeting of certain gentlemen in this city, some of whom were afterward conspicuous as the Delmonico Copperhead Committee, and others of whom are now and always have been the most faithful and uncompromising friends of the country and the Government. The meeting was held at a house upon the Avenue; and when it was clear that all were present this B——, whom you just saw pass, rose and spoke of the condition of the country, and of the evident determination of the Southern leaders to go to extremity. This, he said, must be avoided. But it could be prevented in one way only, and that was by accepting at once the Montgomery Constitution, and acceding to every demand those leaders had made or might yet make. He proposed a total, unqualified, abject surrender in advance of all national and individual honor: that the Government should be overthrown without an effort to save it, and the country ruined by the deliberate, craven cowardice, treachery, and meanness of leading citizens. So utterly contemptible and dastardly a suggestion was never made to decent men as this B—— gravely put forth, and after haranguing sat down. After a little time —— spoke, and substantially supported B——'s proposition. Then —— got on his feet. In the most fervent manner he protested against the suggestion, which was so unqualifiedly ignoble and unmanly that it was incredible it should be seriously meant. At least, he said, Americans can do what every other people in history, however wretched, have done—at least we can strike one blow for our own honor, our own Government, and the rights and privileges of which it is the guarantee. At least we can resolve that the system of popular government shall not be proved by our consent as ridiculous and imbecile as its enemies declare it to be impracticable. We can make one stand, however short, against simple anarchy. When this Government falls we all fall with it. To connive at such abject treachery is deliberately to relinquish our manhood. He spoke very vehemently and eloquently. T—— rose after him, and said that peace was the great thing. We must have peace at all hazards. Fine sentiment was very well, but hard-headed men understood their interest. Every body knew that the Southern leaders would whip us and do just what they pleased, and we had better make a merit of necessity. T—— spoke from his pocket, for he had a large and profitable trade with the South. Then —— stood up. 'I have a million of dollars at stake in the South. I go for peace, of course, as long as peace is honorable. I am for finding a method of fair understanding, if it can be found. But if these men take up arms; if they assail this Government and resist the laws, I will willingly give the million they owe me, and every other dollar I own in the world, to maintain the Government of the United States.' The other faithful but more timid ones then spoke out. The meeting dissolved; and having discovered that many of the most important and influential men present were not disposed to lie in the mud to receive terms from a deadly foe whom they had not even tried to resist, the formation of the Committee, which was afterward spawned at Delmonico's, was postponed. My friend ——," said X——, "is writing the history of the war, and he will take good care that B——, and all such men, shall see their names as plainly printed for our children as our fathers took care that the name of Benedict Arnold was printed for us. The men who from the beginning of this war have been, under whatever masks, the enemies of the Union, of the country, and of orderly free government, are as perfectly well known privately now as history will make them publicly known hereafter."

I dined yesterday at ——'s, and Tresslewell was one of the company. Now if Providence makes a man ignoble, and grants him not only nothing of the spirit, but forbids him also the appearance of a gentleman, it does seem an excess of unkindness not to make him in the least aware of it. That Tresslewell is an insignificant, vulgar-looking man is his misfortune. That he dresses like a bar-keeper or a flash stage-driver is probably his misfortune also. That he is certainly what Miss I—t—b calls "a won'erful or'nary-looking man" is the one point about him which is known to every body. No; there is another well-known fact. He is rich. He is not clever; he is not well-bred; he is not well-educated; he is vulgar; but he is also rich. Now certainly it is pleasanter to be rich than poor. What other consideration could have persuaded Mrs. Tresslewell to marry him? She, too, was at table. Her head was something "won'erful"—upon the outside at least.

She began to talk to me about the "gentlemen" from the South whom she so regretted to miss from society. I told her that I had seen a great many people from that part of the country, but that I had not yet seen the gentlemen. I have met plenty of persons who dressed well, and spoke in a low voice, and knew French, and complimented women very prettily, and talked horses, and dogs, and boats with other men, but I had not seen the gentlemen.

"Why, how funny!" said she, "we used to meet so many every summer at Newport."

"I knew them," answered I.

"And yet you say you never met any gentlemen from the South."

"I do."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that all those men knew that women were inhumanly whipped in order that they might dance and flirt in Newport and elsewhere; and they did not protest, but insisted that it was necessary and right. Now, Mrs. Tresslewell, I do not think women-whippers, either personally or by proxy, can possibly be gentlemen."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Tresslewell, "what an awful Abolitionist you are!"

"I suppose I am, dear Madame, and I suppose it's some dreadful thing; but seriously, I'd rather be an Abolitionist than a gentleman who whips women."

At this point Tresslewell spoke from the other side of the table:

"Are you talking of gentlemen? Well, let me tell you a story. When I was in London I went to the opera, forgetting that you had to wear a dress-coat, etc., but dressed as I am when I go to the opera here. They stopped me at the door and sent me back, saying that, to get in there, a man must be dressed like a gentleman. So I went home and changed my clothes. But when I returned the impudent fellow at the door was just going to turn me away again; but I shook my coat-skirts at him as he was in the midst of saying again that to get in a man must be dressed like a gentleman—and he let me pass. But isn't it remarkable that people, whose business it is to be on the look out, don't know a gentleman when they see him?"

"Perhaps they do," ejaculated X——.

There was one moment's pause, and then simultaneously every body turned and began to chatter with his neighbor.

THE LOCOMOTIVE AND THE COO.

THE men who made the Constitution of the United States were fresh from the experience of war and its consequences. The President of the Convention had been the commander-in-chief of the army. He and his companions knew the dangers, the difficulties, the risks of all action based upon what is called "public necessity" and "public safety." They knew that the most summary action was often essential. Washington had himself recommended its exercise upon various occasions during the war.

In making a Constitution of Government for the new nation these men had to deal with the question of supreme, irresponsible power. What did they do? They surrounded the fundamental right of personal liberty with the most solemn security; and with the same common-sense and clear perception which led them to do that, with equal solemnity they authorized, in case of supreme necessity, the most summary deprivation of personal liberty. The protection which they gave to the personal liberty of every citizen, as a rule and in time of tranquillity, they just as distinctly and explicitly removed from him in time of public danger. The words they used were these: "The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it."

There stands the provision. It is simple, clear, indisputable. It vests in the Government of the country authority to deprive citizens of personal liberty, and refuse them the benefit of the writ. It makes the Government the judge of the public necessity; and it declares the public safety to be the ground of this grant of summary power. Not to have done this would have deprived acts which, in times of war, are essential to the public welfare of all constitutional authority. They would have been assumptions of arbitrary power, to be justified only by the evident necessity of the case. But doing this, the framers of the Constitution recognized a necessity with which their experience of war and knowledge of human nature had already acquainted them, and covered with the sanction of the fundamental law itself whatever temporary and occasional departures from its general spirit might be necessary to preserve the law itself from destruction.

And yet, to adopt a plain provision of the Constitution, established by Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Rufus King, Sherman, Benjamin Franklin, the Morrises and their associates, is to incur the disapproval of Mr. Horatio Seymour, who informs us in his speech on the 4th of July that the doctrine of public necessity is "bloody, treasonable, and revolutionary."

It is clear that we must make a choice. On one side we have the Constitution and its framers. On the other Mr. Horatio Seymour. When the late George Stephenson was asked by a Parliamentary Committee, which had no faith in railroads: "Mr. Stephenson, it is all very well to talk about iron rails and engines running on them at ten and fifteen miles an hour, but suppose your engine meets a cow on the rails, how then, Mr. Stephenson, how then?" The engineer, in his broad Yorkshire dialect, responded, simply: "Wull, gentlemen, it wull be varra bad for the coo."

MRS. KEMBLE'S "JOURNAL IN GEORGIA."

THE simplicity, directness, and pathos of the remarkable book of Mrs. Kemble, now published by the Harpers, make it one of the most timely and valuable aids of the good cause. There is nothing strained or extravagant in it. It is the plain story of the most hideous state of society that has existed any where in a nominal Christian land. The tragedy of a life in which the mere human rights of a majority of the population were utterly despised saddened the mind and sobered the tone of one who could easily command all sensational effects. No man and no woman who wishes to understand the character and necessity of this war can afford not to read Mrs. Kemble's Journal. Those who, under an infamous cry of peace, are trying to deliver this country bound into the hands of men who repudiate and loathe the fundamental doctrine of our Government, will feebly sneer at this tranquil but terrible picture of the workings of a society which such men control. Those, too, who ludicrously call themselves "Democrats," and whose political hopes lie in inflammatory appeals to excite the most ignorant of our population against the most unfortunate, and whose "Democracy" consists in pandering to the only oligarchy and aristocracy in the land, will try to answer the overpowering testimony of this witness by shouting that niggers were made for slaves. But every loyal, honorable American citizen, as he lays down the melancholy history, remembering with pain his share of tacit assent to this iniquity hitherto, will see, as he sees that God is just, that there is no peace for his country hereafter except the peace of death which comes by the universal domination of this system, or the peace of life which comes by its total extinction.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN is a lady's neck not a neck?—When it's a little bare.

"Will you have it rare or well done?" said an Englishman to an Irishman, as he was cutting a slice of roast beef. "I love it well done iver since I am in this country," replied Pat, "for it was rare enough we used to ate in Ireland."

An officer in the French army, dying, left a widow, who had some difficulty in getting her claims to a pension acknowledged. Her lawyer, annoyed by her pertinacity in applying for the pension, one day said to her, "Why do you not apply to the King? He will grant your pension; it is a mere song." The widow presented herself before the King and showed her claims. While he was considering them she was humming to herself. "Why do you make that noise?" he inquired. "Sire," said the widow, "they told me the pension was a mere song; I was trying to learn the air." The King, pleased with her wit, granted her request.

The second Duke of Buckingham, talking to Sir Robert Viner, in a melancholy mood, about his own personal extravagance: "I am afraid, Sir Robert," he said, "I shall die a beggar at last—the most terrible thing in the world." "Upon my word, my lord," answered the Mayor, "there is another thing more terrible, which you have reason to apprehend, and that is that you will live a beggar, at the rate you go on."

An Irishman, who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of new boots, exclaimed, "I believe I shall never get thim on until I wear thim a day or two."

HOW HE KEPT HIS WORD.

"Too much drinking has caused me pain;
I'll never look at a glass again."
He kept his word and never lied,
And yet by drinking wine he died.
"How could he do it?" Only think;
Why, he shut his eyes when he took a drink.

A declamatory counsel, who despised all technicalities, and tried to storm the court of the East India Company by the force of eloquence, was once uttering these words, "In the book of nature, my lords, it is written"—when he was stopped by this question from the Chief Justice (Lord Ellenborough), "Will you have the goodness to mention the page, Sir, if you please?"

A traveler, among other narrations of wonders of foreign parts, declared he knew a cane a mile long. The company looked incredulous, and it was evident they were not prepared to swallow it, even should it have been a sugar cane. "Pray what kind of a cane was it?" asked a gentleman, sneeringly. "It was a hurricane," replied the traveler.

Sir James Graham's father was full of anecdotes of that sociable divine, Archdeacon Paley, and loved to tell how some one, praising the conjugal peace enjoyed by a gentleman in the neighborhood, who had not had even an argument with his wife for more than thirty years, appealed to Paley whether it were not admirable as a domestic example. "No doubt," said the doctor, "it was verra praiseworthy, but it must have been verra *dool*."

Why is the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman?—Because it has a stern duty to perform.

An old gentleman, who was always boasting how folks used to work in his young days, one day challenged his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it. The challenge was accepted, the hay-wagon driven round, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out, "More hay! more hay!" At length, struggling to keep on the top of the disordered and ill-arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it. "What are you doing down here?" cried the boys. "I came down after hay," answered the old man, stoutly.

At a public-house near Grantham, where London porter is sold, the landlord has for his sign a figure of Britannia in a reclining posture as if greatly fatigued. Underneath is the following inscription—"Pray, stop and *sup-porter*."

"I hope to live to see the day," said Lord Brougham, "when every peasant in England can understand Newton." "Wouldn't it be better that they had a little *bacon first?*" inquired Cobbett.

A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him some handcuffs, and asked if he understood such kind of work. "Why, yes, Sir," said the other, "I guess I've had a hand in 'em afore."

Mrs. Partington, when she heard the minister say there would be a nave in the new church, observed that "she knew well who the party was."

If you wish to offer your hand to a lady, choose your opportunity. The best time to do it is when she is getting out of an omnibus.

A new member rose to make his first speech, and, in his embarrassment, began to scratch his head. "Well, really," exclaimed Sheridan, "he has got something in his head after all."

How many *horses* are required to "draw a comparison?"

When "*pride* has a fall," is it from the "height of *stupidity?*"

BOOK-KEEPING TAUGHT IN ONE LESSON.—Don't lend them.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is St. Paul's Cathedral like a bird's nest?
Because it was built by a Wren.

Why are the poker, shovel, and tongs, like the order of the Garter?
Because they are appendages to the great (grate).

If the sun could speak, what would it say to a budding rose?
You be blowed (blown).

Why did Lord Byron never wear a wig?
Because he was celebrated for his coarse hair (Corsair).

How many legs has a horse?
Ten, two fores (fours) and two behind.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.

THE following dispatch has been received:

UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, FLAG-SHIP "BLACK HAWK," *July* 4, 1863.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that Vicksburg has surrendered to the United States forces on this 4th of July.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
D. D. PORTER,
Acting Rear-Admiral.

ITS UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

A dispatch, dated Cairo, Illinois, Tuesday, July 7, says:

The dispatch boat has just arrived here from Vicksburg. She left at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning.

The passengers announce that General Pemberton sent a flag of truce on the morning of the 4th of July, and offered to surrender if his men were allowed to march out.

General Grant is reported to have replied that no man should leave except as prisoners of war.

General Pemberton then, after consultation with his commanders, unconditionally surrendered.

The news is perfectly trust-worthy.

THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG.

The following is General Meade's official report:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
NEAR GETTYSBURG, *July* 3—8.30 P.M.

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

The enemy opened at one o'clock P.M. from about one hundred and fifty guns, concentrated upon my left centre, continuing without intermission for about three hours, at the expiration of which time he assaulted my left centre twice, being upon both occasions handsomely repulsed with severe loss to him, leaving in our hands nearly three thousand prisoners.

Among the prisoners are Brigadier-General Armisted and many colonels and officers of lesser rank.

The enemy left many dead upon the field and a large number of wounded in our hands.

The loss upon our side has been considerable. Major-General Hancock and Brigadier-General Gibbon were wounded.

After the repelling of the assault, indications leading to the belief that the enemy might be withdrawing, an armed reconnoissance was pushed forward from the left, and the enemy found to be in force.

At the present hour all is quiet.

My cavalry have been engaged all day on both flanks of the enemy, harassing and vigorously attacking him with great success, notwithstanding they encountered superior numbers, both of cavalry and infantry.

The army is in fine spirits.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

THANKS TO THE ARMY.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 68.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
NEAR GETTYSBURG, *July* 4, 1863.

The Commanding General, in behalf of the country, thanks the Army of the Potomac for the glorious result of the recent operations. Our enemy, superior in numbers, and flushed with the pride of a successful invasion, attempted to overcome or destroy this army. Baffled and defeated, he has now withdrawn from the contest. The privations and fatigues the army has endured, and the heroic courage and gallantry it has displayed, will be matters of history to be ever remembered.

Our task is not yet accomplished, and the Commanding General looks to the army for greater efforts to drive from our soil every vestige of the presence of the invader.

It is right and proper that we should, on suitable occasions, return our grateful thanks to the Almighty Disposer of events, that, in the goodness of His providence, He has thought fit to give victory to the cause of the just. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.
S. WILLIAMS, A. A. G.

THE PRESIDENT TO THE COUNTRY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 4, 10.30 A.M.

The President announces to the country that news from the Army of the Potomac up to ten P.M. of the 3d is such as to cover that army with the highest honor, to promise a great success to the cause of the Union, and to claim the condolence of all for the many gallant fallen; and that for this he especially desires that, on this day, He, whose will, not ours, should ever be done, be every where remembered and reverenced with the profoundest gratitude.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SINCE THE BATTLE.

There was no fighting on 4th, 5th, or 6th. Lee appears to have employed these days in flying toward the Potomac by way of Hagerstown; Meade in collecting his troops for pursuit. The number of prisoners taken by our forces is estimated at over 15,000, and stragglers from Lee's army swarm in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Our cavalry appear to have begun to harass the rebels on 5th, and on the same day General Couch, with his militia, is reported to have come down from Carlisle and formed a junction with Meade. Meanwhile General French and other commanders are engaged in destroying the rebel bridges across the Potomac and throwing obstacles in the way of his return home. Our latest rumors are that Meade in force attacked Lee at Williamsport on 7th, and that a great battle is (on 8th) in active progress.

GENERAL DIX AT WORK.

The reported approach of General Dix upon Richmond has caused the most intense fright in the rebel capital. The Secretary of War, the Governor of Virginia, and the Mayor of Richmond have all issued proclamations calling upon the citizens to turn out and defend themselves. They are reminded of the fate of New Orleans, and cautioned not to allow their city to fall into the hands of "another Butler." The appearance of General Dix's forces on the peninsula has thoroughly scared the Richmond people, and a universal turn-out of the citizens was the consequence.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

A New Orleans letter of the 30th ult. says that "matters at Port Hudson are pushed forward with steadiness and energy. The grand point of the rebel stronghold, the 'Citadel,' has, through the agency of seventeen large Parrott guns, placed by our troops so as to completely command it, fallen into our hands. The Major who commanded the construction of the work informed me that 'when he left Port Hudson the flag of the Republic was flying over the Citadel.' This Citadel is the extreme right of the rebel work, and from it our gun-boats received most annoyance. The most vigorous efforts are being made all along our line from right to left. An attack is momentarily expected. The final conflict is certain to come very soon. It will be made with our works stronger and nearer those of the rebels than at any time previously. A vigorous bombardment is kept up night and day, and this is now telling wonderfully in our favor. Already a long breach has been made in the outer wall of the enemy, besides the vast carnage created inside. The few old cattle which the rebels have been accustomed to drive in front daily to let us know they had meat are long since exhausted."

REPORTED ATTEMPT TO NEGOTIATE.

The *Herald* has the following: News of a most important character reaches us from sources beyond all question as to the truth of the statement. The Vice-President of the rebel government, Alexander H. Stephens, and Mr. Commissioner Ould, came down the James River on board the rebel gun-boat *Dragon* on Saturday, under a flag of truce, and requested permission from Admiral Lee to proceed to Washington, in order to present in person an important communication from Jefferson Davis to Abraham Lincoln. Admiral Lee at once dispatched to Washington for instructions. A Cabinet meeting was accordingly held on 6th, and it was decided that permission should not be granted to these gentlemen to fulfill their mission, whatever it was, to Washington. Admiral Lee was instructed to inform them that the ordinary channels of communication would suffice for the transmission of any message they might have to send to Mr. Lincoln. Meantime the rebel gun-boat had steamed up the James River, while awaiting the reply from Washington.

RUMORED DISAFFECTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The probability of the return of North Carolina to the Union is foreshadowed by the Portsmouth *Virginian* of the 2d, which says: "Reliable information has been received here that the return of North Carolina to the Union is an event which may be daily expected. A disaffection toward the Government of Jeff Davis, radical and wide-spread, exists in the State, and overtures have been made to General Foster which will shortly lead to important results."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

THE report that England had been invited by France to unite with her for joint intervention was officially denied by Earl Russell. On June 30 Mr. Roebuck was to make a motion for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. A report says that Lord Palmerston will propose the King of the Belgians as arbitrator in the American war.

THE PIRATE "ALEXANDRA."

The case of the pirate *Alexandra* was tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, London, involving against the owners a charge of breach of the Foreign Enlistment act. A great many witnesses were examined for the prosecution. An ex-paymaster of the *Alabama* told the Court all he knew about Captain Bullock and the persons who were concerned in equipping the notorious ship commanded by Captain Semmes. Sir Hugh Cairns, for the defense, said that the laws of England should not be warped to "suit the temper of a foreign Minister or the exigencies of a foreign State." The Attorney-General denied that the Government was influenced by the United States. The Court acquitted the ship, the jury and spectators being all sympathizers with rebel piracy.

FRANCE.

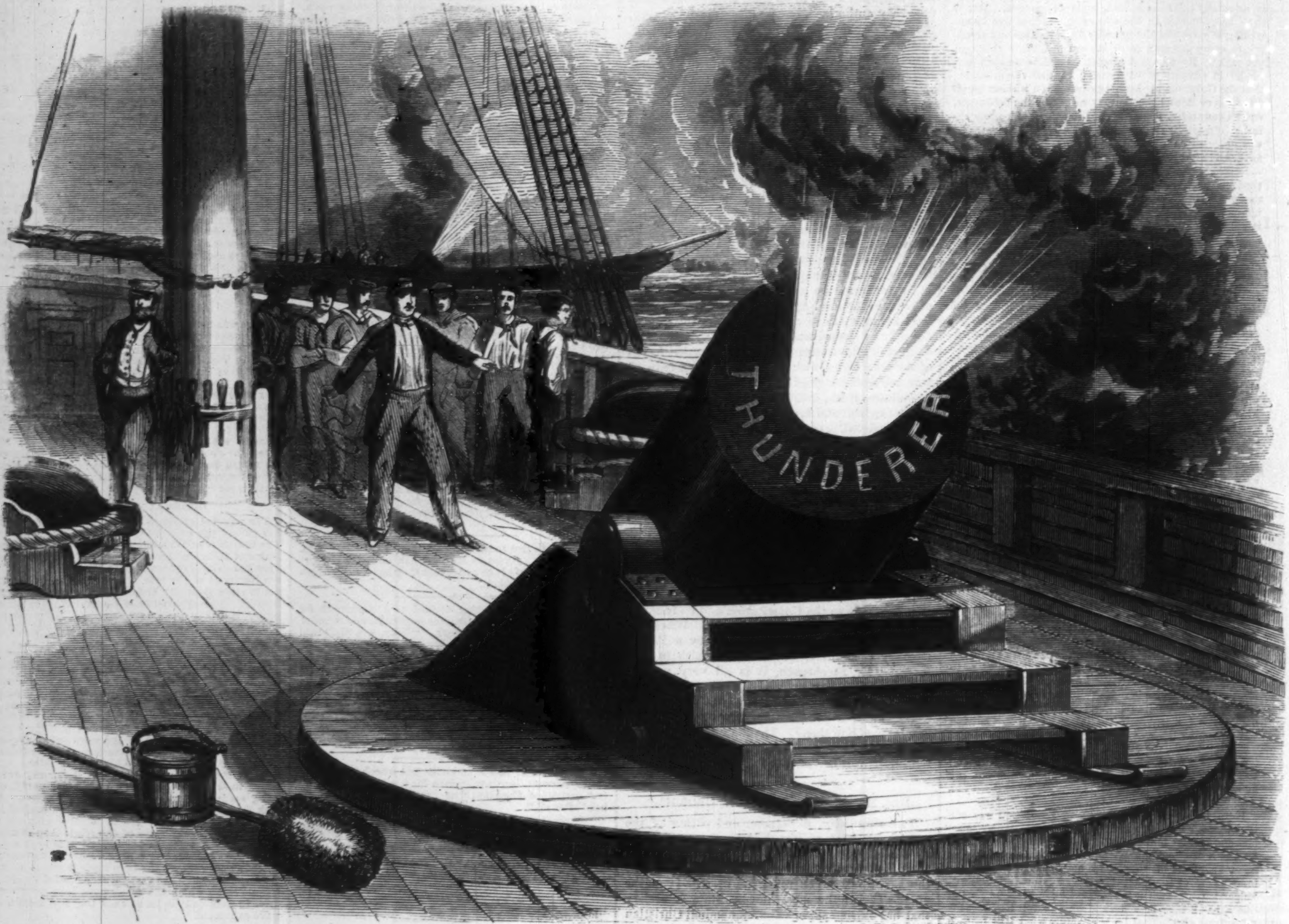
THE EMPEROR AND SLIDELL.

An interview has lately been accorded by Napoleon to Mr. Slidell, the rebel Commissioner in Paris, and has induced the belief in some quarters that the Emperor was about to make some fresh proposals to the British Cabinet with a view to mediation between the American belligerents. This view of the case was strengthened by the fact that Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay, of the English Parliament, had also had an audience of his Majesty in France, they being active sympathizers with the rebel cause.

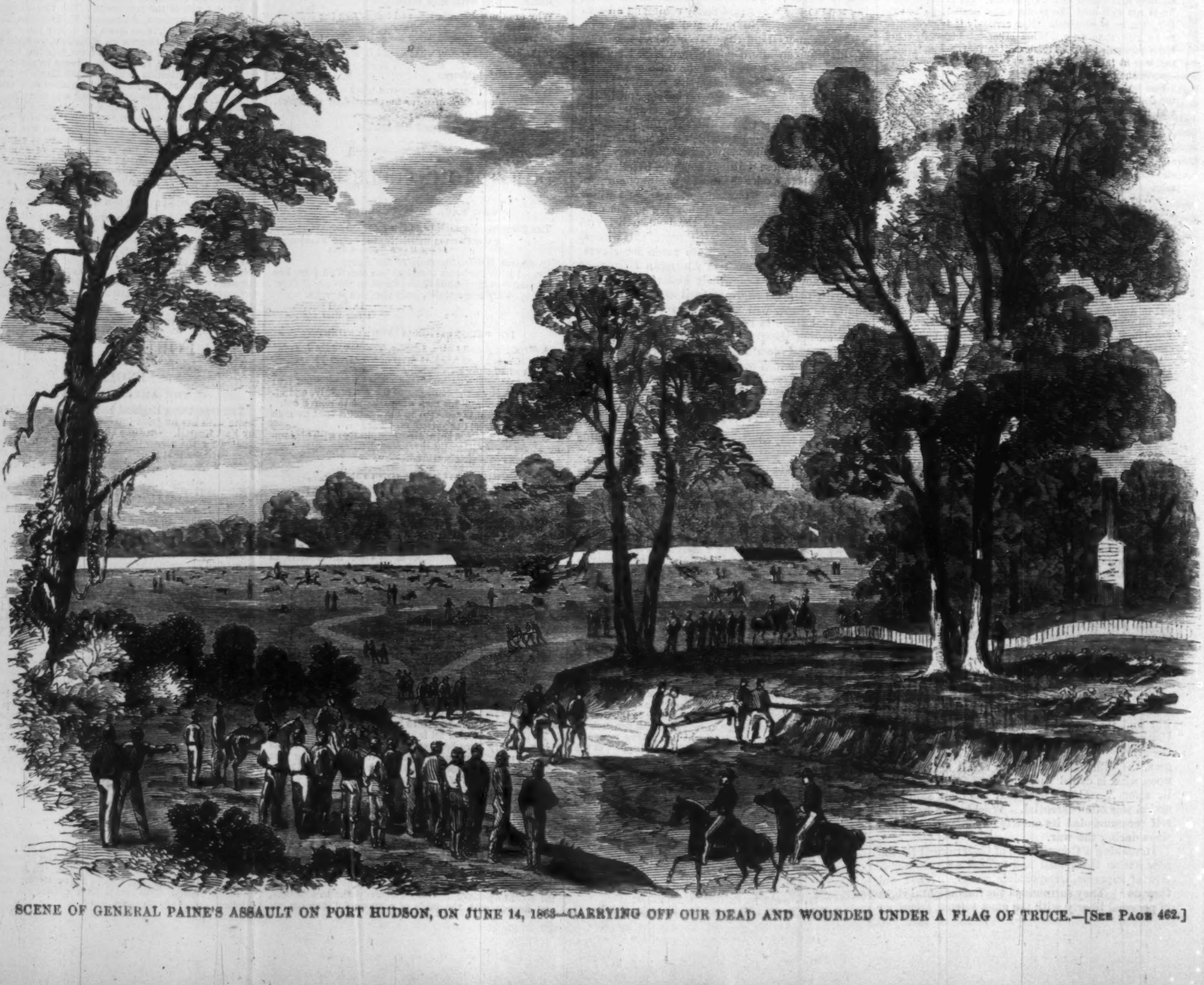
RUSSIA.

THE POLISH QUESTION.

The notes of the Three Powers were presented to Prince Gortchakoff on the 25th of June, and the Russian reply was anxiously awaited. The French Government is increasing its artillery by about 100 guns. In Austria, both Houses of the Reicharath have taken strong ground in favor of Poland. The Poles have gained an important victory, capturing six guns.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF PORT HUDSON—A MORTAR SCHOONER AT WORK.—Sketched by a Naval Officer.—[See Page 462.]



SCENE OF GENERAL PAINE'S ASSAULT ON PORT HUDSON, ON JUNE 14, 1863—CARRYING OFF OUR DEAD AND WOUNDED UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE.—[See Page 462.]

SONG.

I'M lost to joy; I'm lost to love;
  I'm lost to all would make me fain:
I lost my way in the light of day—
  God send that I find it soon again!

I'm lost to peace; I'm lost to ease;
  I'm lost to all would make me blest:
I lost my way in the light of day,
  And I'm weary now, and long to rest.

I'm lost to gladness and to mirth;
  I'm lost to all that's good to find:
I lost my way in the light of day,
  And left the good things all behind.

I wander West, I wander East,
  And know not which is East or West:
I lost my way in the light of day,
  And I seek it still, and never rest.

The sun went down an hour ago:
  I wonder if I face toward home?
If I lost my way in the light of day,
  How shall I find it now night has come?

THE LATE GEN. REYNOLDS.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the late GENERAL REYNOLDS, who was killed at Gettysburg on 2d inst., from a photograph by M'Clees, of Philadelphia.

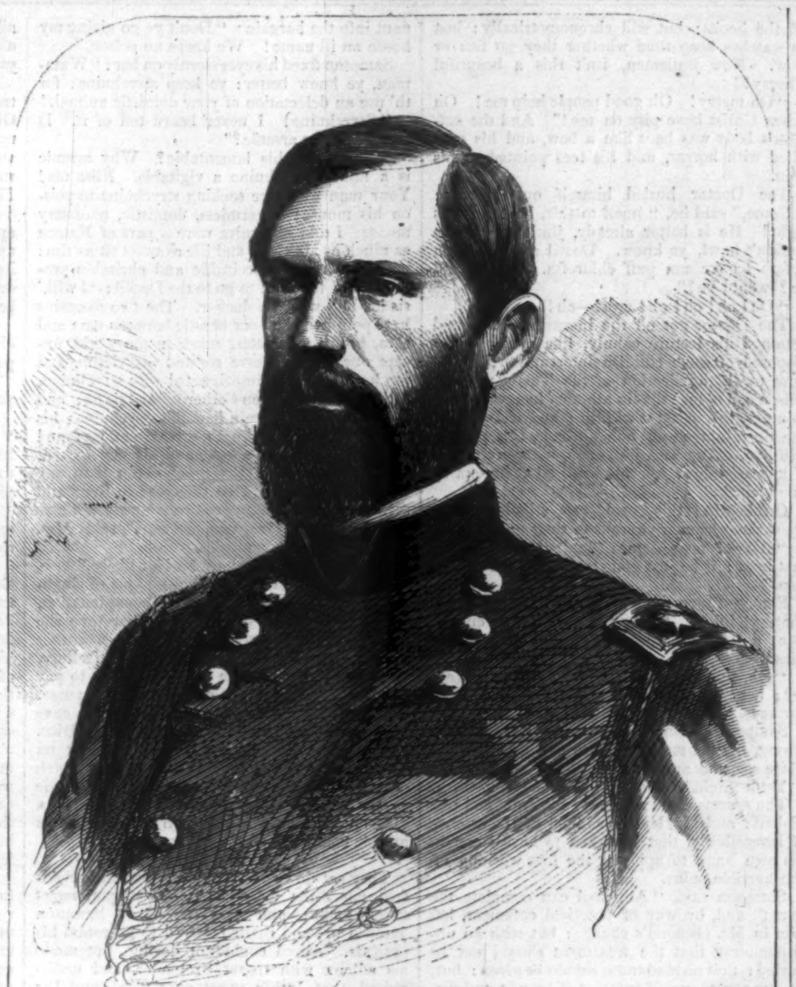
General John Fulton Reynolds was born in Pennsylvania in 1821, entered West Point in 1837, graduated in 1841, and entered the Third Artillery. In 1846 he became First Lieutenant, and served in the Mexican war in that capacity. For gallant conduct at Monterey he was brevetted Captain, and for Buena Vista he was brevetted Major. After the war he became one of General Wool's aids.

At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry. He was afterward, on 20th August, 1861, appointed Brigadier-General of the First Brigade of Philadelphia Reserves. This and the other brigades of Pennsylvania Reserves constituting M'Call's Division, were, on the movement of the Army of the Potomac, in March, 1862, placed under General M'Dowell; but after the battle of Fair Oaks were detached and sent to General M'Clellan. They took part in the Seven Days' Battles; and when M'Call was wounded and taken to Richmond, Reynolds assumed the command of the division until he also was taken prisoner. On his release, which occurred simultaneously with the first invasion of Maryland by Lee, he was again appointed to the command of the Pennsylvania Militia; and after the battle of Antietam received a letter of thanks from the Governor for his zealous conduct. He was then appointed to the command of the First Army Corps, which he led at the battle of Fredericksburg. His corps bore the brunt of that terrible battle, and lost 3000 men. In January, 1863, he was appointed Major-General, and was confirmed in March. At the Chancellorsville fight he was not directly engaged, but made several false attacks with skill and success. On 12th June he was ordered to take the left wing of the army to the Potomac, which he accomplished with remarkable celerity; the march, considering the heat of the weather, is one of the most rapid on record.

The last of Hooker's army crossed the Potomac on the 26th of June, and pushed on to overtake the enemy. After a number of cavalry skirmishes the First Corps was advancing upon the enemy, and, without really expecting a battle, were marching steadily through the town of Gettysburg when they were attacked. At this time it was only possible to bring the infantry into action.

Finding that he could not place his artillery in any good position so as to be made available, General Reynolds, with his staff and escort, went to the front in search of a knoll or eminence where he could favorably plant his pieces. While he was thus engaged he and his party were saluted with a shower of bullets, which made his horse restive and unmanageable. This exposed him to the unerring aim of the sharp-shooters, and a rifle-bullet struck him in the neck, severing the vertebræ, and causing his instant death. When he fell General Doubleday took charge of the forces until General Howard came up with the Eleventh corps, when the former resigned the chief command to the latter.

Thus died General Reynolds on the soil of his native State, which at the time of his death he was defending.



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY M'CLEES, OF PHILADELPHIA.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHRONOLOGY.

The Hard Cash sailed from Canton months before the boat-race at Henley recorded in Chapter I.; but it landed in Barkington a fortnight after the last home event I recorded in its true series. *Chapter IX.*

Now this fortnight, as it happens, was fruitful of incidents; and must be dealt with at once. After that, "Love" and "Cash," the converging branches of this story, will flow together in one stream.

Alfred Hardie kept faith with Mrs. Dodd, and, by an effort she appreciated, forbore to express his love for Julia except by the pen. He took in Lloyd's shipping news, and got it down by rail in hopes there would be something about the *Agra:* then he could call at Albion Villa; Mrs. Dodd had given him that loop-hole: meantime he kept hoping for an invitation: which never came.

Julia was now comparatively happy: and so indeed was Alfred: but then the male of our species likes to be superlatively happy, not comparatively; and that Mrs. Dodd forgot, or perhaps had not observed.

One day Sampson was at Albion Villa, and Alfred knew it. Now, though it was a point of honor with poor Alfred not to hang about after Julia until her father's return, he had a perfect right to lay in wait for Sampson, and hear something about her; and he was so deep in love that even a word at second hand from her lips was a drop of dew to his heart.

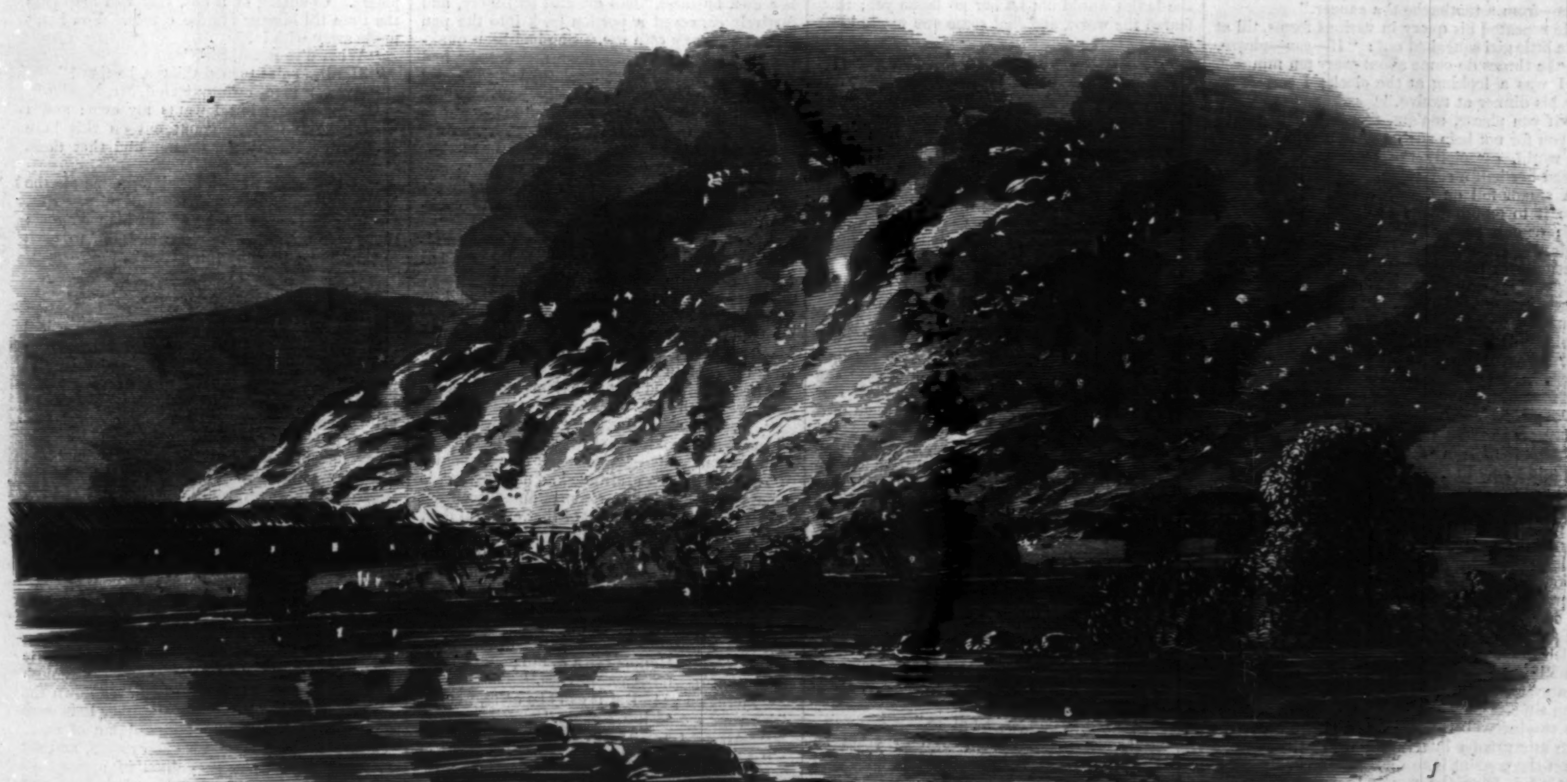
So he strolled up toward the Villa. He had nearly reached it, when a woman ran past him making the most extraordinary sounds; I can only describe it as screaming under her breath. Though he only saw her back he recognized Mrs. Maxley. One back differeth from another, whatever you may have been told to the contrary in novels and plays. He called to her: she took no notice and darted wildly into the gate of Albion Villa. Alfred's curiosity was excited, and he ventured to put his head over the gate. But Mrs. Maxley had disappeared.

Alfred had half a mind to go in and inquire if any thing was the matter; it would be a good excuse.

While he hesitated, the dining-room window was thrown violently up, and Sampson looked out: "Hy! Hardie! my good fellow! for Heaven's sake a fly! and a fast one!"

It was plain something very serious had occurred: so Alfred flew toward the nearest fly-stand. On the way, he fell in with a chance fly drawn up at a public house; he jumped on the box and drove rapidly toward Albion Villa. Sampson was hobbling to meet him—he had sprained his ankle, or would not have asked for a conveyance—to save time he got up beside Alfred, and told him to drive hard to Little Friar Street. On the way he explained hurriedly: Mrs. Maxley had burst in on him at Albion Villa to say her husband was dying in torment: and indeed the symptoms she gave were alarming, and, if correct, looked very like lock-jaw: but her description had been cut short by a severe attack, which choked her and turned her speechless and motionless, and white to the very lips:

"'Oho,' sis I, 'Brist-pang!' And at such a time, ye know. But these women are as unseasonable as th' are unreasonable. Now Angina pictoris, or brist-pang, is not curable through the lungs, nor the stomic, nor the liver, nor the stays, not the sauce-pan, as the bunglintinkerindox of the schools pretind; but only through that mighty mainspring the Brain: and instid of going meandering to the Brain round by the stomick, and so giving the wumman lots o' time to die first, which is the scholastic practice, I wint at the Brain direct, took a puff o' chlorofm, put m' arm round her neck, laid her back in a chair—she didn't struggle, for, when this disorrder grips ye, ye can't move hand nor foot—and had my lady into the land of Nod in half a



THE INVASION OF THE NORTH—DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE OVER THE SUSQUEHANNA, AT COLUMBIA, PA.—SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 459.]

minute; thin off t' her husband; so here's th' Healer between two stools—spare the whip-cord, spoil the knacker!—it would be a good joke if I was to lose both pashints for want of a little ubeequity, wouldn't it?—Lash the lazy vagabin!—Not that I care: what interest have I in their lives? they never pay: but ye see custom's second nature; an dI've formed a vile habit; I've got to be a Healer among the killers: an d'a Triton among—the millers: here we are at last, Hiven be praised." And he hopped into the house faster than most people can run—on a good errand. Alfred flung the reins to a cad, and followed him.

The room was nearly full of terrified neighbors: Sampson shouldered them all roughly out of his way; and there, on a bed, lay Maxley's gaunt figure in agony.

His body was drawn up by the middle into an arch, and nothing touched the bed but the head and the heels: the toes were turned back in the most extraordinary contortion, and the teeth set by the rigor of the convulsion; and in the man's white face and fixed eyes were the horror and anxiety, that so often show themselves when the body feels itself in the gripe of Death.

Mr. Osmond the surgeon was there: he had applied a succession of hot cloths to the pit of the stomach, and was trying to get laudanum down the throat; but the clenched teeth were impassable.

He now looked up and said politely: "Ah! Dr. Sampson, I am glad to see you here. The seizure is of a cataleptic nature, I apprehend. The treatment hitherto has been hot epithems to the abdomen, and—"

Here Sampson, who had examined the patient keenly and paid no more attention to Osmond than to a fly buzzing, interrupted him as unceremoniously:

"Poisoned," said he, philosophically.

"Poisoned!!" screamed the people.

"Poisoned!" cried Mr. Osmond, in whose little list of stereotyped maladies poisoned had no place. "Is there any one you have reason to suspect?"

"I don't suspect, nor conject, Sir: I know. The man is poisoned; the substance strychnine; now stand out of the way you gaping gabies, and let me work: hy, young Oxford! you are a man: get behind and hold both his arms, for your life! That's you."

He whipped off his coat: laid hold of Osmond's epithems, chucked them across the room, saying, "You might just as well squirt rosewater at a house on fire;" drenched his handkerchief with chloroform, sprang upon the patient like a mountain cat, and chloroformed him with all his might.

Attacked so skillfully and resolutely, Maxley resisted little for so strong a man; but the potent poison within fought virulently: as a proof, the chloroform had to be renewed three times before it could produce any effect. At last the patient yielded to the fumes, and became insensible.

Then the arched body subsided, and the rigid muscles relaxed and turned supple. Sampson kneaded the man like dough, by way of comment.

"It is really very extraordinary," said Osmond.

"Mai—dearr—Sirr—nothing's extraornary; t' a man that knows the reason of ivery thing."

He then inquired if any one in the room had noticed at what intervals of time the pains came on.

"I am sorry to say it is continuous," said Osmond.

"Mai—dearr—Sirr—nothing on airth is continuous: ivery thing has paroxysms and remissions—from a toothache t' a caneer."

He repeated his query in various forms, till at last a little girl squeaked out: "If—*you*—please, Sir, the throes do come about every ten minutes, for I was a looking at the clock; I carries father his dinner at twelve."

"If you please, ma'am, there's half a guinea for you for not bein such a n' ijjit as the rest of the world, especially the Dockers." And he jerked her half a sovereign.

A stupor fell on the assembly. They awoke from it to examine the coin, and see if it was real; or only yellow air.

Maxley came to, and gave a sigh of relief. When he had been sensible, yet out of pain, nearly eight minutes by the clock, Sampson chloroformed him again. "I'll puzzle ye, my friend strych," said he. "How will ye get your perriodical paroxysm when the man is insensible? The Dox say y' act direct on the spinal marrow. Well, there's the spinal marrow where you found it just now. Act on it again, my lad! I give ye leave—if ye can. Ye can't; bekase ye must pass through the Brain to get there: and I occupy the Brain with a swifter ajint than y' are, and mean to keep y' out of it till your power to kill evaporates, been a vigitable."

With this his spirits mounted, and he indulged in a harmless and favorite fiction: he feigned the company were all males and medical students, Osmond included, and he the lecturer: "Now jintlemen," said he, "obsairve the great Therey of the Perriodeecity and Remittency of all disease; in conjunckshin with its practice. All diseases have paroxysms, and remissions, which occur at intervals; sometimes it's a year, sometimes a day, an hour, ten minutes: but whatever th' interval, they are true to it: they keep time. Only when the Disease is retirin, the remissions become longer, the paroxysms return at a greater interval: and just the revairse when the pashint is to die. This, jintlemen, is man's life from the womb to the grave: the throes that precede his birth are remittent like ivery thing else, but come at diminished intervals when he has really made up his mind to be born (his first mistake, jints, but not his last); and the paroxysms of his mortal disease come at shorter intervals when he is really goen off the hooks: but still chronometrically; just as watches keep time whether they go fast or slow. Now jintlemen, isn't this a beautiful Therey?"

"Oh mercy! Oh good people help me! Oh Jesus Christ have pity on me!" And the sufferer's body was bent like a bow, and his eyes filled with horror, and his toes pointed at his chin.

The Doctor hurled himself on the foe: "Come," said he, "smell to this, lad! That's right! He is better already, jintlemen, or he couldn't howl, ye know. Deevil a howl in um before I gave um puff chlorofm. Ah! would ye? would ye?"

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! ugh!—ah!"

The Doctor got off the insensible body, and resumed his lecture calmly, like one who has disposed of some childish interruption; "and now to th' application of the Therey: if the poison can reduce the tin minutes' interval to five minutes, this pashint will die: and if I can get the tin minutes up t' half an hour, this pashint will live. Any way, jintlemen, we won't detain y' unreasonably: the case shall be at an end by one o'clock."

On hearing this considerate stipulation, up went three women's aprons to their eyes.

"Alack! poor James Maxley! he is at his last hour: it be just gone twelve, and a dies at one."

Sampson turned on the weepers: "Who says that, y' ijjits? I said the case would end at one: a case ends when the pashint gets well, or dies."

"Oh, that is good news for poor Susan Maxley; her man is to be well by one o'clock, Doctor says."

Sampson groaned, and gave in. He was strong, but not strong enough to make the populace suspend an opinion.

Yet it might be done: by chloroforming them.

The spasms came at longer intervals and less violent: and Maxley got so fond of the essence of Insensibility, that he asked to have some in his own hand to apply at the first warning of the horrible pains.

Sampson said, "Any fool can complete the cure:" and, by way of practical comment, left him in Mr. Osmond's charge: but with an understanding that the treatment should not be varied: that no laudanum should be given: but, in due course, a stiff tumbler of brandy-and-water; or two. "If he gets drunk, all the better; a little intoxication weakens the body's memory of the pain it has endured, and so expedites the cure. Now off we go to th' other."

"The body's memory!" said Mr. Osmond to himself: "What on earth does the Quack mean?"

The driver, de jure, of the fly, was not quite drunk enough to lose his horse and vehicle without missing them. He was on the look-out for the robber, and, as Alfred came round the corner full pelt, darted at the reins with a husky remonstrance, and Alfred cut into him with the whip: an angry explanation—a guinea—and behold the driver sitting behind complacent, and nodding.

Arriving at Albion Villa, Alfred asked Sampson submissively if he might come in and see the wife cured.

"Why of course," said Sampson, not knowing the delicate position.

"Then ask me in before Mrs. Dodd," murmured Alfred, coaxingly.

"Oo, ay," said the Doctor, knowingly: "I see."

Mrs. Maxley was in the dining room: she had got well of herself: but was crying bitterly, and the ladies would not let her go home yet; they feared the worst, and that some one would blurt it out to her.

To this anxious trio entered Sampson radiant: "There, it's all right. Come, little Maxley, ye needn't cry, he has got lots more mischief to do in the world yet: but, oh, wumman, it is lucky you came to me and not to any of the tinkering dox. No more cat and dog for you and him, but for the Chronothairmal Therey: and you may bless my puppy's four bones too: he ran and stole a fly like a man, and drove hilter skilter: now, if I had got to your house two minutes later, your Jamie would have larned the great secret ere this." He threw up the window. "Haw you! come away and receive the applause due from beauty t' ajeelity."

Alfred came in timidly, and was received with perfect benignity, and self-possession, by Mrs. Dodd; but Julia's face was dyed with blushes, and her eyes sparkled the eloquent praise she was ashamed to speak before them all. But such a face as hers scarce needed the help of a voice at such a time. And, indeed, both the lovers' faces were a pretty sight, and a study. How they stole loving glances! but tried to keep within bounds, and not steal more than three per minute! and how unconscious they endeavored to look, the intervening seconds! and what windows were the demure complacent visages they thought they were making shutters of! Innocent love has at least this advantage over melodramatic, that it can extract exquisite sweetness out of so small a thing. These sweet-hearts were not alone, could not open their hearts, must not even gaze too long; yet to be in the same room even on such terms was a taste of heaven.

"But, oh, Doctor," said Mrs. Maxley, "are you sure he is better?"

"He is out of danger, I tell ye."

"But, dear heart, ye don't tell me what he ailed. Ma'am, if you had seen him you would have said he was taken for death."

"Pray what *is* the complaint?" inquired Mrs. Dodd.

"Oh, didn't I tell ye? poisoned."

This intelligence was conveyed with true scientific calmness, and received with feminine ejaculations of horror. Mrs. Maxley was indignant into the bargain: "Don't ye go giving my house an ill name! We keeps no poison."

Sampson fixed his eyes sternly on her: "Wumman, ye know better: ye keep strychnine: for th' use an delectation of your domistic animal."

"Strychnine! I never heard tell of it. Is that Latin for arsenic?"

"Now isn't this lamentable? Why arsenic is a mital: strychnine a vigitable. Nlist me! Your man was here seeking strychnine to poison his mouse; a harmless, domistic, necessary mouse: I told him mice were a part of Nature as much as Maxleys, and life as sweet tit as tim: but he was dif to sceintific and chrischin preceps; so I told him to go to the Deevil: 'I will,' sis he, and went t'a docker. The two assassins have poisoned the poor beastie between em: and thin, been the greatest miser in the world, except one, he will have roasted his victim, and ate her on the sly, imprignated with strychnine. 'I'll steal a march on t'other miser,' sis he; and that's you: t' his brain flew the strychnine: his brain sint it to his spinal marrow: and we found my lorrd bent like a bow, and his jaw locked, and nearer knowin the great secret than any man in England will be this year to live: and sairves th' assassinating old vagabin right."

"Heaven forgive you, Doctor," said Mrs. Maxley, half mechanically.

"For curin a murrderer? Not likely."

Mrs. Maxley, who had shown signs of singular uneasiness during Sampson's explanation, now rose and said in a very peculiar tone she must go home directly.

Mrs. Dodd seemed to enter into her feelings, and made her go in the fly, taking care to pay the fare and the driver out of her own purse. As the woman got into the fly Sampson gave her a piece of friendly and practical advice. "Nixt time he has a mind to breakfast on strychnine, you tell me; and I'll put a pinch of arsenic in the saltcellar, and cure him safe as the Bank. But this time he'd have been did, and stiff, long before such a slow ajint as arsenic could get a hold on um."

They sat down to luncheon: but neither Alfred nor Julia fed much, except upon sweet stolen looks; and soon the active Sampson jumped up, and invited Alfred to go round his patients. Alfred could not decline, but made his adieux with regret so tender, and undisguised, that Julia's sweet eyes filled, and her soft hand instinctively pressed his at parting to console him. She blushed at herself afterward; but at the time she was thinking only of him.

Maxley and his wife came up in the evening with a fee. They had put their heads together; and proffered one guinea. "Man and wife be one flesh, you know, Doctor."

Sampson, whose natural choler was constantly checked by his humor, declined this profuse proposal. "Here's vanity!" said he: "now do you really think your two lives are worth a guinea? Why it's 252 pence! 908 farthings!"

The pair affected disappointment; vilely.

At all events he must accept this basket of gudgeons Maxley had brought along. Being poisoned was quite out of Maxley's daily routine, and had so unsettled him, that he had got up, and gone fishing to the amazement of the parish.

Sampson inspected the basket: "Why they are only fish!" said he, "I was in hopes they were pashints." He accepted the gudgeons, and inquired how Maxley got poisoned. It came out that Mrs. Maxley, seeing her husband set apart a portion of his Welsh rabbit, had "grizzled," and asked what that was for: and being told "for the mouse," and to "mind her own business," had grizzled still more, and furtively conveyed a portion back into the pan for her master's own use. She had been quaking dismally all the afternoon at what she had done; but finding Maxley—hard but just—did not attack her for an involuntary fault, she now brazened it out and said, "Men didn't ought to have poison in the house unbeknown to their wives. Jem had got no more than he worked for," etc. But, like a woman, she vowed vengeance on the mouse: whereupon Maxley threatened her with the marital correction of neck-twisting, if she laid a finger on it.

"My eyes be open now to what a poor creature do feel as dies poisoned. Let her a be: there's room in our place for her and we."

Next day he met Alfred, and thanked him with warmth, almost with emotion: "There ain't many in Barkinton as ever done me a good turn, Master Alfred; you be one on em: you comes after the captain in my book now."

Alfred suggested that his claims were humble compared with Sampson's.

"No, no," said Maxley, going down to his whisper, and looking monstrous wise: "Doctor didn't go out of *his—business*—for me: you did."

The sage miser's gratitude had not time to die a natural death before circumstances occurred to test it. On the morning of that eventful day, which concluded my last chapter, he received a letter from Canada. His wife was out with eggs; so he caught little Rose Sutton, that had more than once spelled an epistle for him; and she read it out in a loud and reckless whine:

"'At—noon—this—very—daie—Muster—Hardie's a-g-e-n-t—aguent—d-i-s dis, h-o-n—Honor*ed*—dis-Honor*ed*—a—bill; and sayed. There—were—no—more—asses.'"

"Mercy on us! But it can't be asses, wench: drive your spe-ad into't again."

"'A-s-s-e-t-s. Assets.'"

"Ah! Go an! go an!"

"'Now—Fatther—if—you—leave—a s-h-i-l-l-i-n-g, shilling—at—Hardie's—after—this—b-l-a-m-e—ble-am—your—self—not—me—for—this—is—the waie—the—r-o-g-u-e-s—rogews—all—bre-ak—they—go—at—a—d-i-s-t-a-n-c-e—distance—first—and—then—at—h-o-m-e—whuoame.—Dear—fatther'—lawk o' daisy what ails you, Daddy Maxley? You be as white as a Sunday smock. Be you poisoned, again, if *you* please?"

"Worse than that—worse!" groaned Maxley, trembling all over. "Hush!—hold your tongue! Give me that letter! Don't you never tell nobody nothing of what you have been a reading to me, and I'll—I'll—It's only Jem's fun: he is allus running his rigs—that's a good wench now, and I'll give ye a half-penny."

"La, Daddy," said the child, opening her eyes, "I never heeds what I *re-ads*: I be wrapt up in the spelling. Dear heart, what a sight of long words folks puts in a letter, more than ever drops out of their mouths; which their fingers be longer than their tongues I do suppose."

Maxley hailed this information characteristically. "Then we'll say no more about the half-penny."

At this, Rose raised a lamentable cry, and pearly tears gushed forth.

"There, there," said Maxley, deprecatingly; "here's two apples for ye; ye can't get them for less: and a half-penny, or a haporth, is all one to you: but it is a great odds to me. And apples they rot; half-pence don't."

It was now nine o'clock. The Bank did not open till ten; but Maxley went and hung about the door, to be the first applicant.

As he stood there trembling with fear lest the Bank should not open at all, he thought hard: and the result was a double resolution; he would have his money out to the last shilling; and, this done, would button up his pockets and padlock his tongue. It was not his business to take care of his neighbors; nor to blow the Hardies, if they paid him his money on demand. "So not a word to my missus, nor yet to the town-crier," said he.

Ten o'clock struck, and the Bank shutters remained up. Five minutes more, and the watcher was in agony. Three minutes more, and up came a boy of sixteen, whistling, and took down the shutters with an indifference that amazed him. "Bless your handsome face;" said Maxley, with a sigh of relief.

He now summoned all his firmness and, having recourse to an art, in which these shrewd rustics are supreme, made his face quite inexpressive, and so walked into the Bank, the everyday Maxley—externally; but, within, a volcano ready to burst if there should be the slightest hesitation to pay him his money.

"Good-morning, Mr. Maxley," said young Skinner.

"Good-morning, Sir."

"What can we do for you?"

"Oh, I'll wait my turn, Sir."

"Well, it's your turn now, if you like."

"How much have you got of mine, if you please, Sir?"

"Your balance? I'll see. Nine hundred and four pounds."

"Well, Sir, then, if *you* please, I'll draa *that*."

"It has come!" thought Skinner. "What, going to desert us?" he stammered.

"No," said the other, trembling inwardly, but not moving a facial muscle: "it is only for a day or two, Sir."

"Ah! I see; going to make a purchase. By-the-by, I believe Mr. Hardie means to offer you some grounds he is buying outside the town: will that suit your book?"

"I dare say it will, Sir."

"Then perhaps you will wait till our governor comes in?"

"I have no objection."

"He won't be long. Fine weather for the gardens, Mr. Maxley."

"Moderate, Sir. I'll take my money, if you please. Counting of it out, that will help pass the time till Muster Hardie comes. You han't made away with it?"

"What d'ye mean, Sir?"

"Hardies baint turned thieves, be they?"

"Are you mad, or intoxicated, Mr. Maxley?"

"Neither, Sir: but I wants my own: and I wool have it too: so count out on this here counter, or I'll cry the town round that there door."

"Henry, score James Maxley's name off the books," said Skinner, with cool dignity. But, when he had said this, he was at his wit's end: there were not nine hundred pounds of hard cash in the Bank; nor any thing like it.

CHAPTER XIX.

Skinner—called "young" because he had once had a father on the premises—was the mole-catcher. The feelings, with which he had now for some months watched his master grubbing, were curiously mingled. There was the grim sense of superiority every successful Detective feels as he sees the watched one working away unconscious of the eye that is on him; but this was more than balanced by a long habit of obsequious reverence. When A has been looking up to B for thirty years, he can not look down on him all of a sudden, just because he catches him falsifying accounts. Why, man is a cooking animal. Commercial man especially.

And then Richard Hardie overpowered Skinner's senses: he was Dignity in person: he was six feet two, and always wore a black surtout buttoned high, and a hat with a brim a little broader than his neighbors, yet not broad enough to be eccentric or slang. He moved down the street touching this hat—while other hats were lifted high to him—a walking column of cash. And when he took off this ebon crown, and sat in the Bank parlor, he gained in appearance more than he lost; for then his whole head was seen, long, calm, majestic: that senatorial front, and furrowed face, overawed all comers: even the little sharp-faced clerk would stand and peep at it utterly puzzled between what he knew and what he eyed: nor could he look at that head and face without excusing them; what a lot of money they must have sunk, before they came down to fabricating a balance-sheet!

And by-and-by custom somewhat blunted his sense of the dishonesty: and he began to criticise the thing arithmetically instead of morally: that view once admitted, he was charmed with the ability and subtlety of his dignified sharper: and so the mole-catcher began gradually, but effectually, to be corrupted by the mole. He, who watches a dishonest process and does not stop it, is half-way toward conniving; who connives, is half-way toward abetting.

The next thing was, Skinner felt mortified at his master not trusting him. Did he think old Bob Skinner's son would blow on Hardie after all these years?

This rankled a little, and set him to console himself by admiring his own cleverness in penetrating this great distrustful man. Now of all sentiments Vanity is the most restless and the surest to peep out: Skinner was no sooner inflated than his demure, obsequious manner underwent a certain change; slight and occasional only; but Hardie was a subtle man, and the perilous path he was treading made him wonderfully watchful, suspicious, and sagacious: he said to himself, "What has come to Skinner? I must know." So he quietly watched his watcher; and soon satisfied himself he suspected something amiss. From that hour Skinner was a doomed clerk.

It was two o'clock: Hardie had just arrived, and sat in the parlor Cato-like, and cooking.

Skinner was in high spirits; it was owing to his presence of mind the Bank had not been broken some hours ago by Maxley; so now, while concluding his work, he was enjoying by anticipation his employer's gratitude: "He can't hold aloof after this," said Skinner; "he must honor me with his confidence. And I will deserve it. I do deserve it."

A grave, calm, passionless voice invited him into the parlor.

He descended from his desk and went in, swelling with demure complacency.

He found Mr. Hardie seated garbling his accounts with surpassing dignity. The great man handed him an envelope, and cooked majestic on. A wave of that imperial hand, and Skinner had mingled with the past.

For know that the envelope contained three things: a check for a month's wages: a character; and a dismissal, very polite, and equally peremptory.

Skinner stood paralyzed: the complacency died out of his face, and rueful wonder came instead: it was some time before he could utter a word: at last he faltered, "Turn me away, Sir? turn away Noah Skinner! your father would never have said such a word to *my* father." Skinner uttered this his first remonstrance in a voice trembling with awe; but gathered courage when he found he had done it, yet lived.

Mr. Hardie evaded his expostulation by a very simple means: he made no reply; but continued his work, dignified as Brutus, inexorable as Fate, cool as Cucumber.

Skinner's anger began to rise. He watched Mr. Hardie in silence, and said to himself, "Curse you! you were born without a heart!"

He waited, however, for some sign of relenting; and hoping for it, the water came into his own eyes. But Hardie was impassive as ice.

Then the little clerk, mortified to the core, as well as wounded, ground his teeth, and drew a little nearer to this incarnate Arithmetic; and said with an excess of obsequiousness: "Will you condescend to give me a reason for turning me away all in a moment, after five-and-thirty years' faithful services?"

"Men of business do not deal in reasons," was the cool reply: "it is enough for you that I give you an excellent character, and that we part good friends."

"That we do not," replied Skinner, sharply: "if we stay together we are friends; but we part enemies, if we do part."

"As you please, Mr. Skinner. I will detain you no longer."

And Mr. Hardie waved him away so grandly that he started and almost ran to the door. When he felt the handle, it acted like a prop to his heart. He stood firm; and rage supplied the place of steady courage. He clung to the door, and whispered at his master; such a whisper; so loud, so cutting, so full of meaning and malice; it was like a serpent hissing at a man. "But I'll give *you* a reason, a good reason, why you had better not insult me so cruel: and what is more, I'll give you two: and one is that but for me the Bank must have closed this day at ten o'clock—Ay, you may stare; it was I saved it, not you—and the other is that, if you make an enemy of me, you are done for. I know too much to be made an enemy of, Sir; a great deal too much."

At this, Mr. Hardie raised his head from his book and eyed his crouching venomous assailant full in the face, majestically, as one can fancy a lion rearing his ponderous head, and looking lazily and steadily at a snake that has just hissed in a corner. Each word of Skinner's was a barbed icicle to him; yet not a muscle of his close countenance betrayed his inward suffering.

One thing, however, even he could not master; his blood; it retired from that stoical cheek to the chilled and foreboding heart; and the sudden pallor of the resolute face told Skinner his shafts had gone home: "Come, Sir," said he, affecting to mingle good fellowship with his defiance; "why bundle me off these premises, when you will be bundled off them yourself before the week is out?"

"You insolent scoundrel! Humph. Explain, Mr. Skinner."

"Ah, what, have I warmed your marble up a bit? Yes, I'll explain. The Bank is rotten, and can't last forty-eight hours."

"Oh, indeed! blighted in a day—by the dismissal of Mr. Noah Skinner. Do not repeat that after you've been turned into the streets; or you will be indicted: at present we are confidential: any thing more before you quit the rotten Bank?"

"Yes, Sir, plenty. I'll tell you your own history, past, present, and to come. The road to riches is hard and rugged to the likes of me; but your good Father made it smooth and easy to you, Sir; you had only to take the money of a lot of fools that fancy they can't keep it themselves; invest it in Consols and Exchequer bills, live on half the profits, put by the rest, and roll in wealth. But this was too slow, and too sure, for you; you must be Rothschild in a day; so you went into blind speculation, and flung old Mr. Hardie's savings into a well. And now for the last eight months you have been doctoring the ledger;" Hardie winced just perceptibly; "you have put down our gains in white, our losses in black, and so you keep feeding your pocket-book and emptying our tills: the pear will soon be ripe, and then you will let it drop, and into the Bankruptcy Court we go. But, what you forget, fraudulent Bankruptcy isn't the turnpike way of trade: it is a broad road, but a crooked one: skirts the prison wall, Sir, and sights the herring pond."

An agony went across Mr. Hardie's great face; and seemed to furrow as it ran.

"Not but what *you* are all right, Sir," resumed his little cat-like tormentor, letting him go a little way, to nail him again by-and-by; "you have cooked the books in time; and Cocker was a fool to you. 'Twill be all down in black and white. Great sacrifices: no reserve: creditors take every thing; dividend, fourpence in the pound, furniture of house and bank, Mrs. Hardie's portrait, and down to the coal-scuttle. Bankrupt saves nothing but his honor, and—the six thousand pounds or so he has stitched into his old great-coat: hands his new one to the official assignees, like an honest man."

Hardie uttered something between a growl and a moan.

"Now comes the per contra: poor little despised Noah Skinner has kept genuine books while you have been preparing false ones. I took the real figures home every afternoon on loose leaves: and bound 'em: and very curious they will read in Court alongside of yours. I did it for amusement o'nights; I'm so solitary, and so fond of figures: I must try and turn them to profit; for I'm out of place now in my old age. Dearee me! how curious that you should go and pick out me of all men, to turn into the street like a dog—like a dog—like a dog."

Hardie turned his head away; and, in that moment of humiliation and abject fear, drank all the bitterness of moral death.

His manhood urged him to defy Skinner and return to the straight path, cost what it might. But how could he? His own books were all falsified. He could place a true *total* before his creditors by simply adding the contents of his secret hoard to the assets of the Bank; but with this true arithmetical result he could not square his books, except by conjectural and fabricated details, which would be detected, and send him to prison; for who would believe he was lying in figures only to get back to the truth? No, he had entangled himself in his own fraud, and was at the mercy of his servant. He took his line. "Skinner, it was your interest to leave me while the Bank stood; then you would have got a place directly; but since you take umbrage at my dismissing you for your own good, I must punish you—by keeping you."

"I am quite ready to stay and serve you, Sir," replied Skinner, hastily: "and as for my angry words, think no more of them! It went to my heart to be turned away at the very time you need me most."

("Hypocritical rogue!") thought Hardie. "That is true, Skinner," said he; "I do indeed need a faithful and sympathizing servant, to advise, support, and aid me. Ask yourself whether any man in England needs a confidant more than I! It was bitter at first to be discovered even by you: but now I am glad you know all; for I see I have undervalued your ability as well as your zeal."

Thus Mr. Hardie bowed his pride to flatter Skinner: and soon saw by the little fellow's heightened color that this was the way to make him a clerk of wax.

The Banker and his clerk were reconciled. Then the latter was invited to commit himself by carrying on the culinary process in his own hand. He trembled a little: but complied, and so became an accomplice; on this his master took him into his confidence, and told him every thing it was impossible to hide from him.

"And now, Sir," said Skinner, "let me tell you what I did for you this morning. Then perhaps you won't wonder at my being so peppery. Maxley *suspects;* he came here and drew out every shilling. I was all in a perspiration what to do. But I put a good face on, and—"

Skinner then confided to his principal how he had evaded Maxley, and saved the Bank; and the stratagem seemed so incredible and droll, that they both laughed over it long and loud. And in fact it turned out a first-rate practical jest: cost two lives.

While they were laughing, the young clerk looked in, and said, "Captain Dodd, to speak with you, Sir!"

"Captain Dodd!!!" And all Mr. Hardie's forced merriment died away, and his face betrayed his vexation for once. "Did you go and tell him I was here?"

"Yes, Sir: I had no orders; and he said you would be sure to see *him*."

"Unfortunate! Well, you may show him in when I ring your bell."

The youngster being gone, Mr. Hardie explained to his new ally in a few hurried words the danger that threatened him from Miss Julia Dodd. "And now," said he, "the women have sent her Father to soften his. I shall be told his girl will die if she can't have my boy, etc. As if I care who lives or dies."

On this Skinner got up all in a hurry, and offered to go into the office.

"On no account," said Mr. Hardie, sharply. "I shall make my business with you the excuse for cutting this love-nonsense mighty short. Take your book to the desk, and seem buried in it!"

He then touched the bell, and both confederates fell into an attitude: never were a pair so bent over their little accounts; lies, like themselves.

Instead of the heart-broken father their comedy awaited, in came the gallant sailor with a brown cheek reddened by triumph and excitement, and almost shouted in a genial jocund voice, "How d'ye do, Sir? It is a long time since I came across your hawse." And with this he held out his hand cordially. Hardie gave his mechanically, and remained on his guard; but somewhat puzzled. Dodd shook his cold hand heartily. "Well, Sir, here I am, just come ashore, and visiting you before my very wife: what d'ye think of that?"

"I am highly honored, Sir," said Hardie: then, rather stiffly and incredulously, "and to what may I owe this extraordinary preference? Will you be good enough to state the purport of this visit—briefly—as Mr. Skinner and I are much occupied."

"The purport? Why what does one come to a banker about? I have got a lot of money I want to get rid of."

Hardie stared; but was as much on his guard as ever; only more and more puzzled.

Then David winked at him with simple cunning, took out his knife, undid his shirt, and began to cut the threads which bound the Cash to his flannel.

At this Skinner wheeled round on his stool to look, and both he and Mr. Hardie inspected the unusual pantomime with demure curiosity.

Dodd next removed the oil-skin cover and showed the pocket-book, brought it down with a triumphant smack on the hollow of his hand, and, in the pride of his heart, the joy of his bosom, and the fever of his blood—for there were two red spots on his cheek all the time—told the cold pair its adventures in a few glowing words; the Calcutta firm—the two pirates—the hurricane—the wreck—the landsharks—he had saved It from. "And here It is, safe in spite of them all. But I won't carry It on me any more; it is unlucky: so you must be so good as to take charge of It for me, Sir."

"Very well, Captain Dodd. You wish it placed to Mrs. Dodd's account, I suppose."

"No! no! I have nothing to do with that: this is between you and me."

"As you please."

"Ye see it is a good lump, Sir."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hardie, a little sneeringly.

"I call it a thundering lot o' money. But I suppose it is not much to a rich banker like you." Then he lowered his voice, and said with a certain awe: "It's—fourteen—thousand—pounds."

"Fourteen thousand pounds!!!" cried Hardie. Then with sudden and consummate coolness, "Why certainly an established bank like this deals with more considerable deposits than that. Skinner, why don't you give the captain a chair?"

"No, no!" said Dodd. "I'll heave to till I get this off my mind; but I won't anchor any where but at home." He then opened the pocket-book and spread the contents out before Mr. Hardie, who ran over the notes and bills, and said the amount was £14,010 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dodd asked for a receipt.

"Why it is not usual when there is an account."

Dodd's countenance fell: "Oh, I should not like to part with it unless I had a receipt."

"You mistake me," said Hardie, with a smile. "An entry in your Banker's book is a receipt. However you can have one in another form." He then unlocked a desk; took out a banker's receipt; and told Skinner to fill it in. This done he seemed to be absorbed in some more important matter.

Skinner counted the notes and left them with Mr. Hardie: the bills he took to his desk to note them on the margin of the receipt. While he was writing this with his usual slowness and precision, poor Dodd's heart overflowed: "It is my children's fortune, ye see: I don't look on a sixpence of it as mine: that is what made me so particular. It belongs to my little Julia, bless her!—she is a rose-bud if ever there was one; and oh, such a heart; and so fond of her poor Father; but not fonder than he is of her—and to my dear boy Edward; he is the honestest young chap you ever saw: what he says, you may swear to with your eyes shut; but how could they miss either good looks or good hearts, and *her* children? the best wife and the best mother in England! She has been a true consort to me this many a year, and I to her, in deep water and shoal, let the wind blow high or low. Here is a Simple Simon vaunting his own flesh and blood! no wonder that little gentleman there is grinning at me: well, grin away, lad! perhaps you haven't got any children. But you have, Sir: and you know how it is with us Fathers; our hearts are so full of the little darlings, out it must come. *You* can understand how joyful I feel at saving their fortune from land sharks and sea sharks, and landing it safe in an honest man's hands, like you, and your Father before you."

Skinner handed him the receipt.

He cast his eye over it. "All right, little gentleman! Now my heart is relieved of such a weight: I feel to have just cleared out a cargo of bricks. Good-by! shake hands! I wish you were as happy as I am. I wish all the world was happy. God bless you! God bless you both!"

And with this burst he was out of the room, and making ardently for Albion Villa.

The Banker and his clerk turned round on their seats and eyed one another a long time in silence and amazement.

Was this thing a dream? their faces seemed to ask.

Then Mr. Hardie rested his senatorial head on his hand, and pondered deeply. Skinner too reflected on this strange freak of Fortune: and the result was that he burst in on his principal's reverie with a joyful shout: The Bank is saved: Hardie's is good for another hundred years!"

The Banker started, for Skinner's voice sounded like a pistol-shot in his ear, so high-strung was he with thought.

"Hush! hush!" he said: and pondered again in silence.

At last he turned to Skinner. "You [illegible] our course is plain? I tell you it is [illegible] complicated it would puzzle Solomon to know what is best to be done."

"Save the Bank, Sir! whatever you do."

"How can I save the Bank with a few thousand pounds I must refund when called on? You look keenly into what is under your eye, Skinner; but you can not see a yard beyond your nose. Let me think."

After a while he took a sheet of paper, and jotted down "the materials," as he called them, and read them out to his accomplice:

"1. A Bank too far gone to be redeemed: a trap; a well. If I throw this money into it, I shall ruin Captain Dodd, and do myself no good, but only my creditors.

"2. Miss Julia Dodd, virtual proprietor of this £14,000: or of the greater part, if I choose. The child that marries first usually jockeys the other.

"3. Alfred Hardie, my son, and my creditor, deep in love with No. 2, and at present somewhat alienated from me by my thwarting a silly love affair: which bids fair to improve into a sound negotiation.

"4. The £14,000 paid to me personally after Banking hours, and not entered on the banking books, nor known, but to you and me.

"Now suppose I treat this advance as a personal trust? The Bank breaks: the money disappears. Consternation of the Dodds, who, until enlightened by the public settlement, will think it has gone into the well.

"In that interval I talk Alfred over: and promise to produce the £14,000 intact, with my paternal blessing on him and Miss Dodd; provided he will release me from my debt to him, and give me a life-interest in half the money settled on him by my wife's father to my most unjust and insolent exclusion. Their passion will soon bring the young people to reason: and then they will soon melt the old ones."

Skinner was struck with this masterly little sketch. But he detected one fatal flaw: "You don't say what is to become of me."

"Oh, I haven't thought of that yet."

"But do think of it, Sir! that I may have the pleasure of co-operating. It would never do for you and me to be pulling two ways, you know."

"I will not forget you," said Hardie, wincing under the chain this little wretch held him with, and had jerked him by way of reminder. "But surely, Skinner, you agree with me it would be a sin and a shame to rob this honest captain of his money—for my creditors; curse them! Ah, you are not a Father. How quickly he found that out! Well, I am: and he touched me to the quick: I love my little Jane as dearly as he loves his Julia, every bit: and I feel for *him.* And then he put me in mind of my own Father; poor man. That seems strange, doesn't it? a sailor and a Banker! Ah! it was because they were both honest men. Oh, it was like a wholesome flower coming into a close room, and then out again and leaving a whiff behind, was that sailor. He left the savor of Probity and Simplicity behind, though he took the things themselves away again. Why, why couldn't he leave us what is more wanted here than even his money? His integrity: the pearl of price, that my Father, whom I used to sneer at, carried to his grave; and died simple, but wise; honest, but rich; rich in money, in credit, in honor, and eternal hopes: oh, Skinner! Skinner! I wish I had never been born."

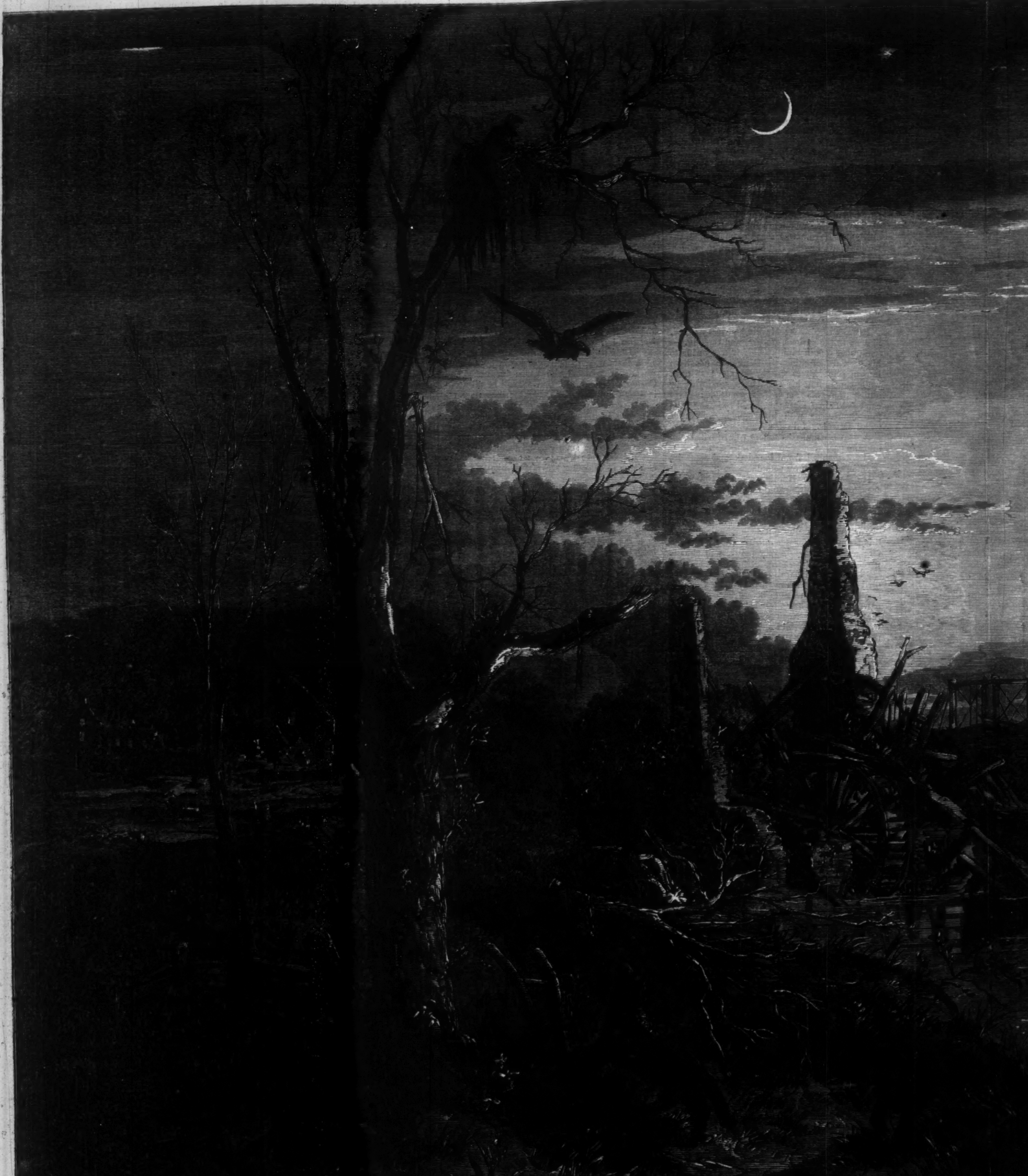
Skinner was surprised: he was not aware that intelligent men who sin, are subject to fits of remorse: nay, more, he was frightened; for the emotion of this iron man, so hard to move, was overpowering when it came: it did not soften, it convulsed him.

"Don't talk so, Sir," said the little clerk. "Keep up your heart! Have a drop of something!"

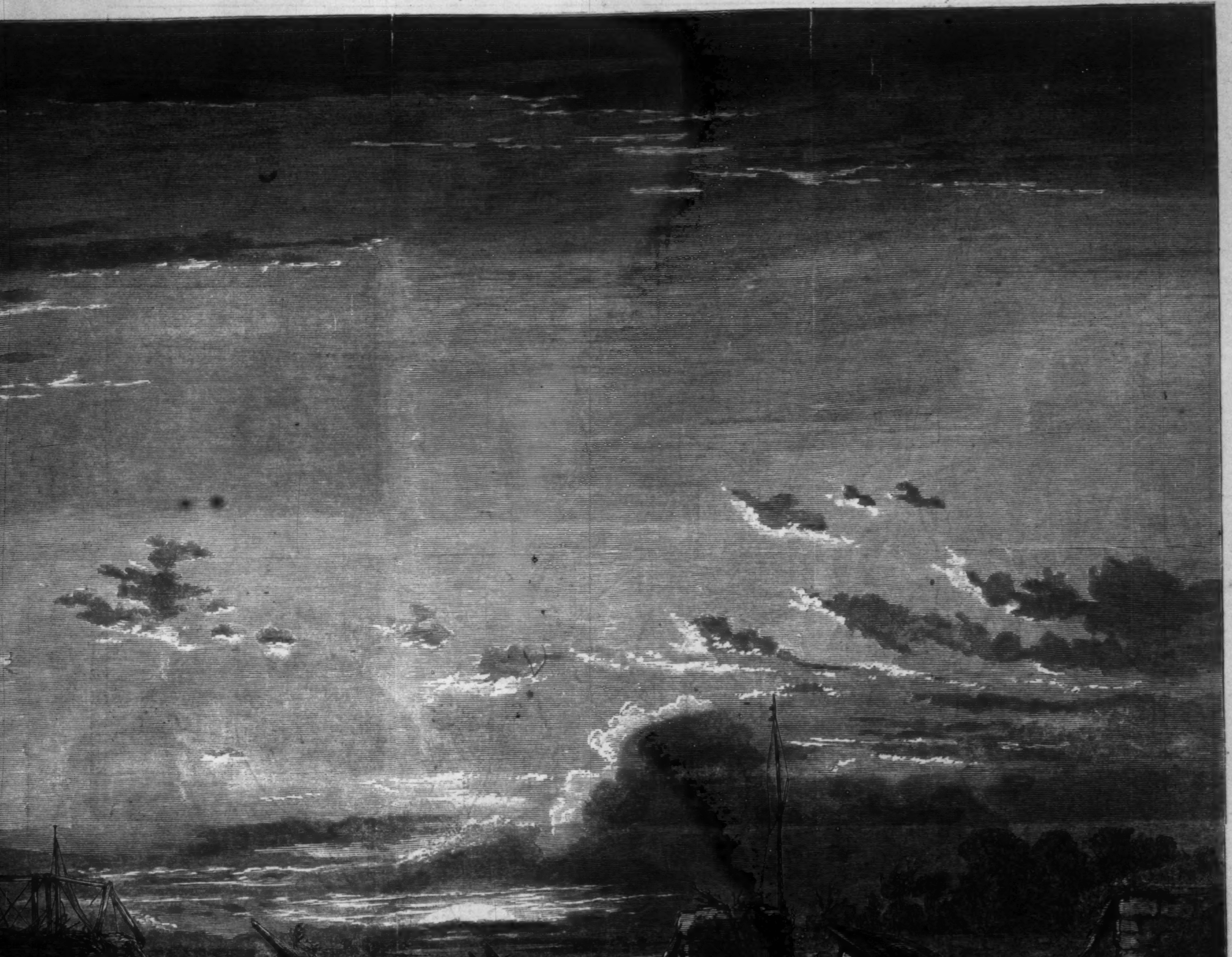
"You are right," said Mr. Hardie, gloomily; "it is idle to talk: we are all the slaves of circumstances."

With this, he unlocked a safe that stood against the wall, chucked the £14,000 in, and slammed the iron door sharply; and, as it closed upon the Cash with a clang, the parlor door burst open as if by concert, and David Dodd stood on the threshold, looking terrible. His ruddy color was all gone, and he seemed black and white with anger and anxiety. And out of this blanched, yet lowering face, his eyes glowed like coals, and roved keenly to and fro between the Banker and the clerk.

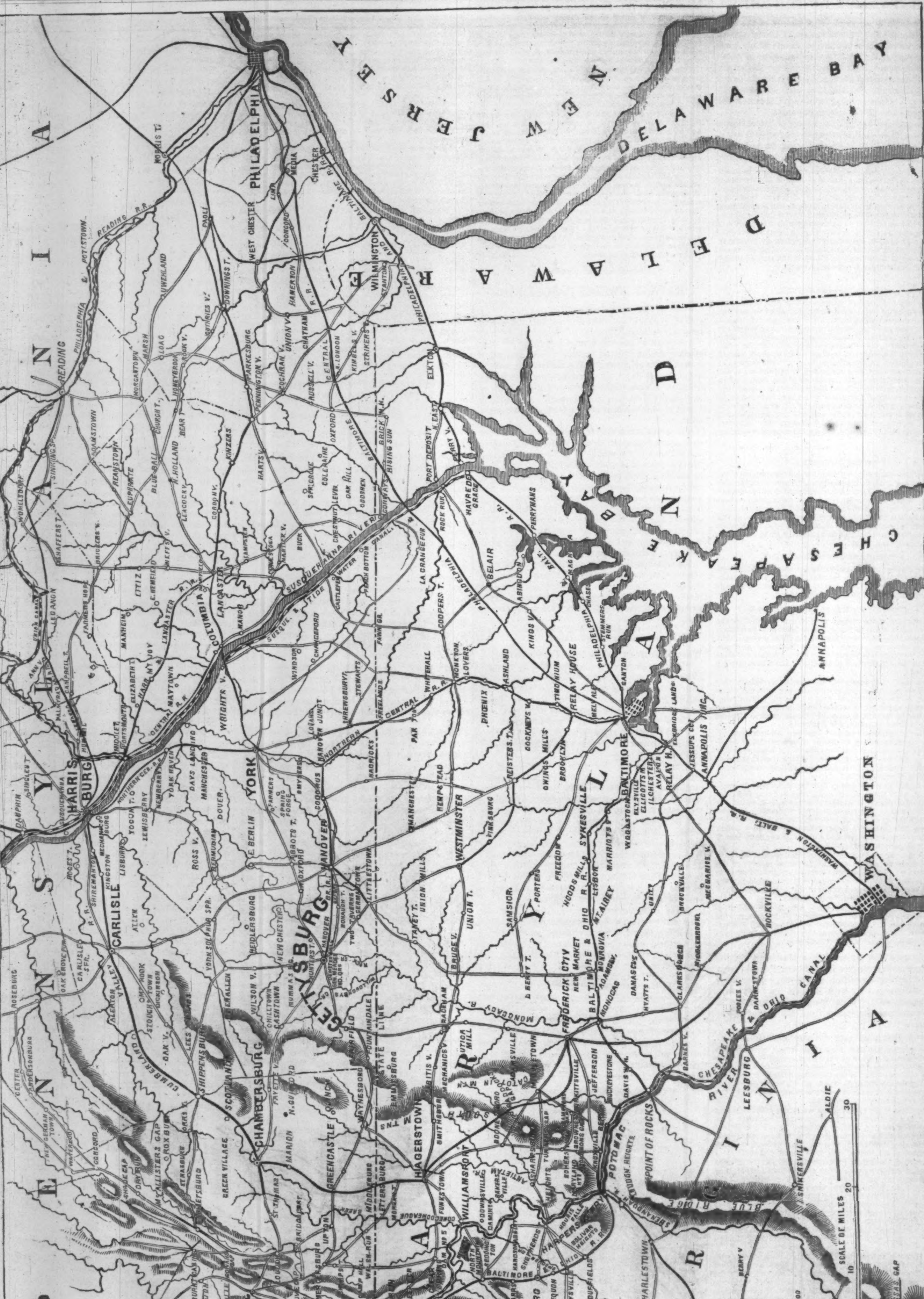
A thunder-cloud of a man.



THE RESULT OF WAR—V



R—VIRGINIA IN 1863.


PENNSYLVANIA
NEW JERSEY
DELAWARE BAY
DELAWARE
MARYLAND
VIRGINIA
CHESAPEAKE BAY
PHILADELPHIA
READING
HARRISBURG
CARLISLE
CHAMBERSBURG
SHIPPENSBURG
GREENCASTLE
GETTYSBURG
YORK
LANCASTER
COLUMBIA
HANOVER
WESTMINSTER
WILMINGTON
BALTIMORE
ANNAPOLIS
WASHINGTON
FREDERICK CITY
HAGERSTOWN
WILLIAMSPORT
MARTINSBURG
HARPERS FERRY
WINCHESTER
SUSQUEHANNA RIVER
POTOMAC
SOUTH MTN
BLUE RIDGE
STATE LINE
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO CANAL
SCALE OF MILES
10
20
30

MAP SHOWING THE SEAT OF WAR IN PENNSYLVANIA AND MARYLAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE INVASION OF THE NORTH.

We publish on page 461 a picture of the City of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, lately threatened by the rebels under Lee, or one of his corps commanders, and now the head-quarters of Major General Couch. It is a pretty city on the east bank of the Susquehanna River, communicating with Reading, Philadelphia, and Baltimore by railway. Usually a very quiet spot, it is now full of troops and bristling with bayonets.

On page 460 we publish a page of Street Scenes at Philadelphia from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Thomas Nast. The following cuttings from the Philadelphia papers may help to explain them:

We need not now blush for Philadelphia. She is steadily at work in the great cause of defense of hearth and home, and each hour sees order rising out of the confusion, and patriotism taking the place of craven imbecility. Business is very generally suspended, and tens of thousands of men are drilling, either for home defense or joining the State militia. The rapidity with which some of the regiments, such as those raised by the Coal trade and the Union League, are completed is extremely gratifying, and makes every other regiment emulous of equal success. There is but little unusual bustle in the streets, though the roll of the drum is constantly heard.

* * * * * * *

THE COAL REGIMENT.

The action of the coal shippers of this city, in reference to the regiment to be raised under their auspices, has been both unanimous and determined. The large amount subscribed in support of this regiment on Monday was nearly trebled yesterday. In the afternoon representatives from the different firms in the trade assembled at the headquarters of the regiment, in Walnut Street, above Second, and proceeded to Richmond in a body. The foremen of the different wharves were notified to suspend work, and all the men were assembled at one of the central piers, where stirring and patriotic addresses were delivered, urging the necessity of immediate action, and the advantages to be derived by them in enlisting as a body in a regiment where each would know his comrade, and whose welfare would be the immediate care of their employers. The men responded enthusiastically, and six full companies were immediately enlisted.

* * * * * * *

THE UNION LEAGUE.

The brigade now being formed under the auspices of the Union League is progressing finely. There is not the least doubt that the number of men required will be obtained within a day or two. At the different recruiting stations names are being enrolled rapidly, and the general headquarters at Twelfth and Girard streets were crowded this morning with men anxious to enlist. The four regiments to compose the brigade will be entirely fitted out by the members of the League.

THE MERCHANTS' REGIMENT.

The regiment organized under the auspices of the merchants is full, and was reported for duty at the headquarters of General Dana yesterday afternoon. The regiment is commanded by Colonel Woodward.

ACTION OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

A number of the colored men of this city met at the Bethel Church, Sixth Street, above Lombard, yesterday, with regard to their enlisting for the State defense. Mr. J. C. White presided, and Mr. John Wolf acted as Secretary. Among those present were Fred Douglass and most of the colored clergymen of the city. The following were adopted:

Resolved, That inasmuch as we solemnly believe that God has no attributes that can take part with the slaveholder in this rebellion, we hold it to be our highest religious duty to sustain our Government in the prosecution of this war so far as it is conducted for the purpose of equal rights, liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Resolved, That we earnestly request all ministers of the Gospel, preaching to colored congregations, to teach their several charges that the days of our bondage in this land are at an end, and that God is saying to us, in the most emphatic manner, *Be free*, and take our place on the broad platform of equal rights.

Resolved, That we deeply feel for, and sincerely sympathize with, those of our race who are flying from the chains and slavery of a rebellious horde, and, forced before the march of a conscript army of marauders, have sought a refuge in our midst; and that we hereby pledge to them the protection of our homes and firesides, a part of our personal property, and a share of our daily bread, even to a portion of our last crumb.

It was proposed that the colored men present tender to the Government their services for three months or the emergency. There being no definite understanding as to the terms on which colored men would be received into the State service, the postponement of the consideration of the subject to another meeting was suggested.

Mr. Douglass urged immediate action. He said those present could enroll their names: if their services were not accepted, the responsibility would rest with the authorities. A number of persons then signed the roll. Another meeting is to be held this afternoon.

On page 458 we publish a Map showing the theatre of the conflict in Southern Pennsylvania and Northern Maryland, and on page 453 a View of the Burning of the Bridge at Columbia, Pennsylvania. This operation is described in the accompanying letter from the author of the sketch:

BURNING OF THE COLUMBIA BRIDGE.

On Sunday, the 29th June, 1863, it was reported that the Confederates were on the turnpike road from York to Columbia (twelve miles), and were four miles from Wrightsville, at the west end of the Columbia Bridge; but as there had been many flying reports no attention was paid to this one, until the citizens of both towns were startled by the firing of musketry and artillery.

The force of the Confederates was about 2000, including horse, foot, and artillery—ours about 1400, composed of infantry and cavalry, without artillery. The rebels showed themselves well acquainted with the country, and instead of attacking our rifle-pits on the front or west, they appeared from the wooded hills on the north and south.

Our men stood their ground well until the six or eight pieces of artillery opened with shot and shell, when they broke and ran for the bridge, which they entered as the infantry of the enemy were endeavoring to intercept them. It was at this point that we lost a number of prisoners, stated by some to be as high as two hundred—but as stragglers have been coming in pretty freely this number is probably exaggerated. When the rush was made to enter the bridge, the gates are said to have been closed to prevent the enemy from following the fugitives to Columbia.

The rebels had stationed guards upon the by-roads, with which they were well acquainted, and it was asserted that an officer who accosted a farmer was recognized by the latter as a person who had passed a night with him some time previously. It is also stated that one of the principal officers of the invading force was the engineer who located the railroad between York and Harrisburg, and who may therefore be presumed to be acquainted with the fordings.

The bridge had been prepared for partial destruction by cutting away most of the supports, removing some of the outside boarding, and sawing through the roof, so as to allow a span or two to drop into the river; while toward the western end a pier was charged with gunpowder with the expectation that it would be blown up and the dependent spans thus dropped. But when the period of destruction arrived, three reports were heard in quick succession, followed by a cloud of smoke, which led us to believe that some of the cannon guarding the entrance at Columbia had been taken to this part of the bridge and fired at the entering rebels. But the pier withstood the explosions, and in a panic the bridge was rashly fired, although defended with some half a dozen cannon at the eastern end.

The artillery firing of the enemy commenced about seven o'clock in the evening, lasting about twenty minutes; by eight o'clock the flames were visible, and spread in both directions, probably at the rate of five minutes to a span, although the arches and frame-work stood burning after the roof and weather-boarding had disappeared.

This bridge was about a mile and a quarter long, built upon good stone-piers, the spans being about 175 or 200 feet in length. Besides two roadways and railways, it had upon the south or down-stream side a double towing-way for the Susquehanna and Tide-water Canal.

Our view is a night sketch from the north, the smoke tending toward the west or Wrightsville end of the bridge, and also northward up the river. The night was calm, the river unruffled, and at its present low stage having various exposed rocks and islets, which present a sombre appearance in contrast with the glare of the conflagration.

The fire did not extend to the towns, except that some lumber at Wrightsville was destroyed; but the fire was prevented from spreading *by the Confederates themselves.* They might have destroyed a large amount of lumber and a saw-mill to prevent the rebuilding of several bridges they burned the next day, as well as half a dozen iron furnaces between Columbia and Marietta, where the Susquehanna is within half a mile in width. The proprietors expected a bombardment, as our soldiers have destroyed all the Southern iron-works in their reach as contraband of war.

Columbia, Pennsylvania, *July* 1, 1863. E. J. H.

RALPH HAZLITT, SOLDIER.

"Then you do not love me?"

"Why should I? You love yourself too well to need any other love."

"You mean because I am not fighting?" The speaker smiled a little, bitterly. "So you think I lack courage, Grace? We will talk no more about love to-day. Of course no woman gives her heart to a man whom she does not think brave enough to die for her, if need were. If you think I hold my life too dear no wonder that you can not trust me."

There was something in his words and his tone that at once puzzled Grace Ashland, and pained her. Perhaps she would have liked him to urge his suit, instead of so quietly withdrawing it. If he could but have explained to her why he, young, strong, professedly patriotic, wore no uniform! She knew in her heart that she longed to think well of him—why would he not help her? But he had silenced her. What could she say more? So she sat there; an unwonted color staining her cheek, and something in her eyes that made Ralph Hazlitt smile, a strange, quiet smile.

He watched her a few moments, then he took a book and began reading. It was Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." How his cool, gray eyes kindled, what a flush mounted to his swart cheek as he read, what I think no coward could bear to read,

> "How well Horatius kept the bridge,
> In the brave days of old!"

When he shut the book he looked at his auditor.

"Those were proud days, Grace, and proud men. I think even I could fight with the inspiration of such an example—I mean if I read one of those ballads just at the last, and went in before I had time to get cool. Now you must sing to me. I don't know when I'll have such another lazy morning, and I mean to enjoy it."

A little secret self-reproach made Miss Ashland obedient.

It was always a pretty sight to see her at the piano. She had a certain piquant beauty of her own, though it was a style that not every one recognized. Her features were not classical; her face was pale, always pale, except some strong emotion hung out its pink signal for a moment at her cheeks. The chief charm was in her eyes—dark, large, hazel eyes, that told her secrets against her will—eyes into which you looked and read her soul. They would be sweet when she loved—they were brave and truthful always. When she sang they kindled with a light which glorified her face into something more potent than beauty.

She was in no mood for music at first. She sang for a while with patient compliance just what he called for, then her mood changed, and the spell of her own power enchained her. Her fingers wandered over the keys half unconsciously, and almost forgetting his presence, she sang out her thoughts—fitful snatches of mirth, or pathos, or passion. At last the chords swelled under her fingers to full, rich melody; a strain sultry with tropic heat, burning with such sunshine as gilds the hot sands of the desert. Then across the sun-bright day seemed to sweep the fierce, mighty storm-wind of the East, and through its tempest broke the tones of her voice, chanting an old Bedouin song, such as some wild Arab lover might sing at the feet of his dark-eyed mistress:

> "From the desert I come to thee,
> On a stallion shod with fire;
> And the winds are left behind
> In the speed of my desire.
> Under thy window I stand,
> And the midnight hears my cry:
> I love but thee, I love but thee,
> With a love that shall not die
> Till the sun grows cold,
> And the stars are old,
> And the leaves of the Judgment
> Book unfold!"

Was that the voice of her soul answering Ralph Hazlitt? He would not ask her to-day, but having heard that he cared to hear no more singing. When she struck the last note she turned from the piano. He took her hand and looked into her eyes with a long, sad gaze; a look such as we give to the beloved whom we may never see again. For a moment he held her fingers in a firm clasp. Then he said, very quietly, "Good-by, Grace!" and was gone.

Two days afterward Miss Ashland received this letter:

"When you read these lines, Grace, I shall be far away. I have enlisted. I am going to do my work—the work I have longed for all these months of inaction. I will tell you now why I did not go before. In the six months you have known me have you heard any thing of my family? Do you chance to know that all the near relatives I have on earth are three children? They are at school now, at a sort of child's school, but they come to me every vacation, and I am their sole friend. They were the legacy of my only sister. My parents died many years ago. There were only us two left, Maud and I. When she married I thought it would leave me alone. But she made me go with her to her new home. She never suffered me to have a lonely hour, scarcely to feel for a moment that her heart held any dearer love than the one she had given me from childhood. After her three children were born, just when the youngest had got old enough to lisp her father's name, the husband died; and then I understood how strong a tie had bound her to him. She pined for him, like a homesick child. One day she said to me:

"'I am tired, Ralph, I must go to William. I shall leave you the children. He needs me more than they do, for they have you. He comes to me in my dreams and calls me. You will never let my babies feel that they are orphans.'

"After that she faded, gently and painlessly as a flower fades—an atmosphere of sweetness about her to the last. One night I left her, not weaker than usual, suffering no pain. The next morning I found her with a smile frozen upon her face, token of the soul's joy at its release. *She* was with William, and the children were mine. They have been mine four years.

"Such and so sacred is the tie which has kept me at home hitherto. If I fell, they would be indeed orphans. Have I been wrong? I do not know. Your words awakened a doubt. I think I ought to have been ready to trust them to God. I *am* ready now to trust them to Him and to you. You have sent me into the fray; and whatever ties you may form in the future, I know I can trust to your sense of justice that those children shall never want care or love. Of wealth they have enough—for tender watchfulness they can only look to you.

"I have enlisted for three years, or for the war. I leave you free. I would not tell you that I was going, and ask again for your love, lest you might, in a moment of enthusiasm, bind yourself by some pledge which you would regret hereafter. Love where your heart leads you. Be happy. I ask of you but the one thing which I have a right to demand—care for my children—security that they would not be left bankrupt of love and protection by the loss of the life which I offer at your instance—oh how willingly!—to my country. For myself, I may say it now, for if I die I will not leave it unsaid, I love you, as you sang—

> "'With a love that shall not die
> Till the sun grows cold,
> And the stars are old,
> And the leaves of the Judgment
> Book unfold!'

"If we meet no more till we meet beyond sun and stars, I shall be then, as now, yours, Ralph Hazlitt."

Grace Ashland trembled as she read the letter. What had she been doing? How could those children forgive her for having sent away their only friend? How could she forgive herself? What, if he fell, would ever heal the wound in her heart? for she knew now that she loved him. Well, there was one solace: she could do his will faithfully, wait for him, be true to him. If their next meeting was indeed to be beyond sun and stars, she would be able to go fearlessly to his side and say,

"Here am I and the children you left to my care. Receive your own."

How noble he had been through it all; doing his duty with such silent, brave courage; staying at home for those children's sakes, and never saying one word in self-justification! And she, whom he had honored so with his love, had taunted him with loving himself, his life, his ease. Yet he had forgiven her. He was hers still. She pressed the letter, with wild, unutterable throbs of grief and passionate tenderness, to her heart and lips. She called by a hundred endearing names—oh, if he could have heard them!—her love, her life, her hero!

When he had been gone a week she went to see the children—her soldier's legacy. Two little gentle girls, Maud and Alice, and one brave, sturdy boy, named Ralph for his uncle. Here she found her path already made smooth. Mr. Hazlitt had written to the principal of the school that the children were to be, during his absence, under the guardianship of his particular friend Miss Ashland, who would be guided by her own judgment as to the length of time they would remain there. To the children he had written a long, loving letter, softening as best he could their present loss of him, and bidding them to love, in his stead and for his sake, his friend Miss Ashland, to whom he had confided them.

So she found her welcome ready. She made plans with them for the future. She promised to come and see them as often as their uncle had done, and whenever it was vacation they were to stay with her. The child's school where they were was excellent in its way, but she saw that they would soon need more thorough and systematic instruction. It would be a responsibility she hardly cared to take to remove them and establish them in another place. She thought that, at the end of six months, when their school-year was out, and the long vacation came, she would write to their uncle and solicit his counsel. Till then she would be silent. She longed sometimes to send him just one little line to tell him how wholly she was his; but a maidenly impulse restrained her. He had not asked for any reply to his letter, nor had he renewed in it his prayer for her love. He had seemed to prefer leaving her free. She could not offer her heart to him unasked, even though she knew that she held his own.

Before the six months were over came the news that he was killed. He had fallen, as a soldier should, in the front of the fray: fallen, oh, she well knew how! with courage in his heart, a glow on his cheek, a glint as of sharp steel in his gray eye. If he had only kissed her once in his life, she thought she could have borne it better. Oh, if he could but have known how she had loved him! She would have given half the universe now if she had but followed the dictates of her longing, and written to him that through life and death she was his. But a thought soothed her—a thought so blessed, so foreign to her mood, that it seemed almost like the suggestion of another: perhaps he knew all now. Spirit eyes could see farther than mortla ones. He was in a world where there were no more secrets. She had but to do faithfully the work he had left her, and some day she would go to him.

It was medicine to her pain. She grew strong, as if she had breathed air from the heaven where he was. She bethought herself tenderly of the children. Ought she not to be helping them bear their sorrow?

Their year was nearly out. She went and brought them home. Her love was all they had left. Surely they needed it now. Maud and Alice sorrowed with a still, deep, unchildish grief that it was pitiful to see. Ralph dashed the tears from his eyes and threw back his hair with a gesture so like his uncle that it thrilled Miss Ashland's heart, and vowed that he would grow up to avenge Uncle Ralph—he would be a soldier too.

Two weeks after the news came of Mr. Hazlitt's death Miss Ashland was summoned to an interview with his attorney. She found that he had been to the seat of war on a fruitless search for the body; for the dead man had been to him both friend and client. It had been impossible to identify any grave, he said, except those of some of the officers; for half our dead had been left for the rebels to bury. But he had received only too positive confirmation of the report of Mr. Hazlitt's death; and now he had brought his will, which he had made the last thing before he went away, to read to her, as the one chiefly interested.

"He leaves me the children?"

"Yes, and his fortune. They inherited enough from their parents. He only bequeaths them, in addition, his house and grounds, that they may keep their home-feeling still. He recommends that you establish them there, with some suitable person to oversee the household and look after their welfare, and so have them taught at home for a while. All else, save the homestead and a few trifling legacies, you will perceive he bequeaths to his dear friend, Miss Grace Ashland."

She scarcely heard the last clause of his remarks, her thought was so busy with her plan for the future. She would surely have the children live at his home, and *she* would live there with them—be sole and faithful guardian of their interests. She would indeed fulfill his trust. No one would oppose her. She was twenty-four, no longer a girl. Her parents had other children to make their home cheery—they would let her, as they always had, follow her own course.

She was roused from her reverie by the lawyer's voice, offering stereotyped congratulations, blended with expressions of sorrow for the dead. Then, at last, she began to realize that he had left her sole mistress of all his possessions; her of whose love for him he had never known. That was the heart she had lost in losing him. Did the earth hold another as true? What was there in the universe that could make up to her for it? Then her soul thrilled again to the thought of the sure future, the love and the life beyond this world. It is not so hard to wait when the end is sure. In the mean time she had her work.

It was July when she heard the news of his death. Early in September she had made all necessary arrangements, and was living with the children—her children now—in the home of Ralph Hazlitt. There was a certain joy, secret, unshared, and yet most sweet, in living where he had lived; using daily the things that he had used. She even chose his old room, and sat there nights, watching through the window, whence she had drawn away the curtain, the clear-shining September stars, and thinking of him who walked in the glory beyond them, and waited for her.

So the weeks passed on. The October winds blew over the hills, and swept the sere leaves before them like flocks of tiny birds, flame-colored and golden. November came—the soft, hazy warmth of the Indian summer, with air of balm, and sunshine floating dreamily down through a dim haze that seemed to bring it nearer. She was growing content with life and its work, though she never for one moment looked upon it as other than a life of waiting.

Once when nightfall came—it was then the late November—she saw the children in their beds, heard their prayers, kissed their red, childish lips, with the dewy softness on them, and then went back into the library, where *he* had always passed his solitary evenings. A cheery fire burned on the hearth; and a shaded lamp upon the table. The room was bathed in soft light. The curtains were drawn—the easy-chair at the table, where he used to sit, held out its arms for her. She sank into it, and lost herself in a reverie. She recalled the whole of their last interview—every word, every look, every shade of meaning on his face.

"He knows me better now," she said at length, unconsciously speaking aloud.

"He knew you well then. Would he have left the children to you if he had not?"

What voice was that? She turned to see a tall thin figure standing there; to meet gray eyes, cool and searching no longer, but full of a warmth that made her cheeks crimson. She hardly knew how it was that she was drawn close into those arms—felt those kisses on her lips which made her heart beat with such quick, wild pulses. It did not seem strange to her for a moment. She scarcely remembered that she had believed him dead—it seemed so natural for him to be there and to love her. It was not until he asked, "So you resolved to live here, and be the children's guardian yourself?" that she remembered how she came there, as she answered him, "Yes, it was the only way I had of giving you my life."

"You shall learn a better way now."

"You will not go back?"

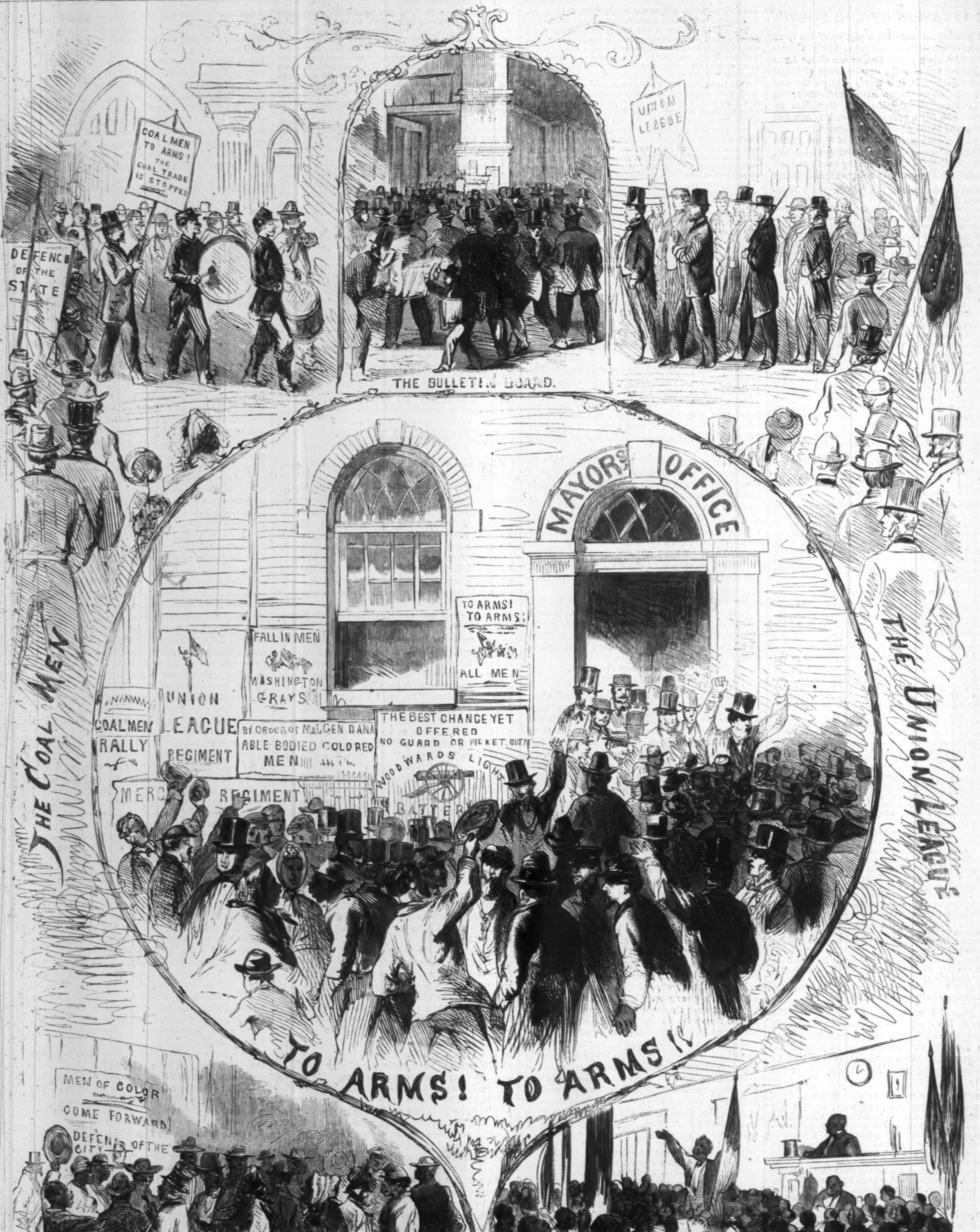
"Not till I have taught you how to love me," he whispered, with his lips close to her cheek. "When I go next time I shall leave my wife."

"But how came you here?"

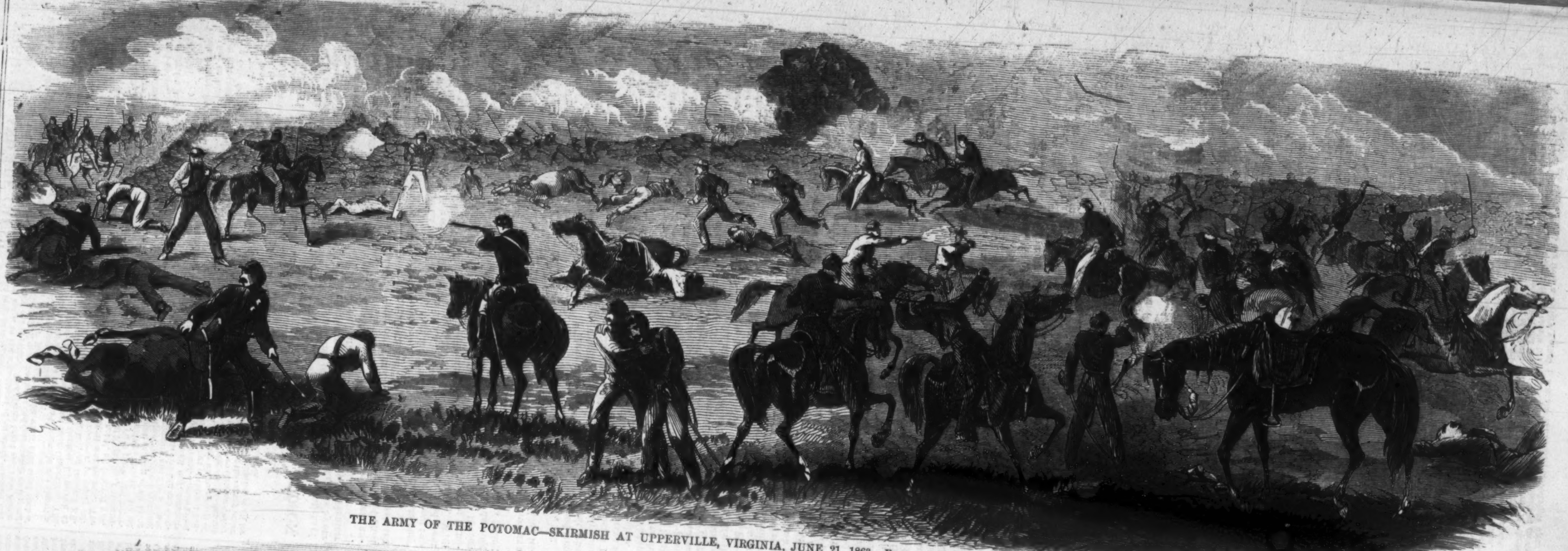
He smiled.

"I thought that question would come by-and-by. I was left for dead on the field. A rebel surgeon found me, who had been an old classmate of mine, and who preserved an honest liking for me still. He nursed me back to life, and through his influence I was paroled when I was strong enough to travel. When I am exchanged I must go back. In the mean time remember who said we were to take no thought for the morrow."

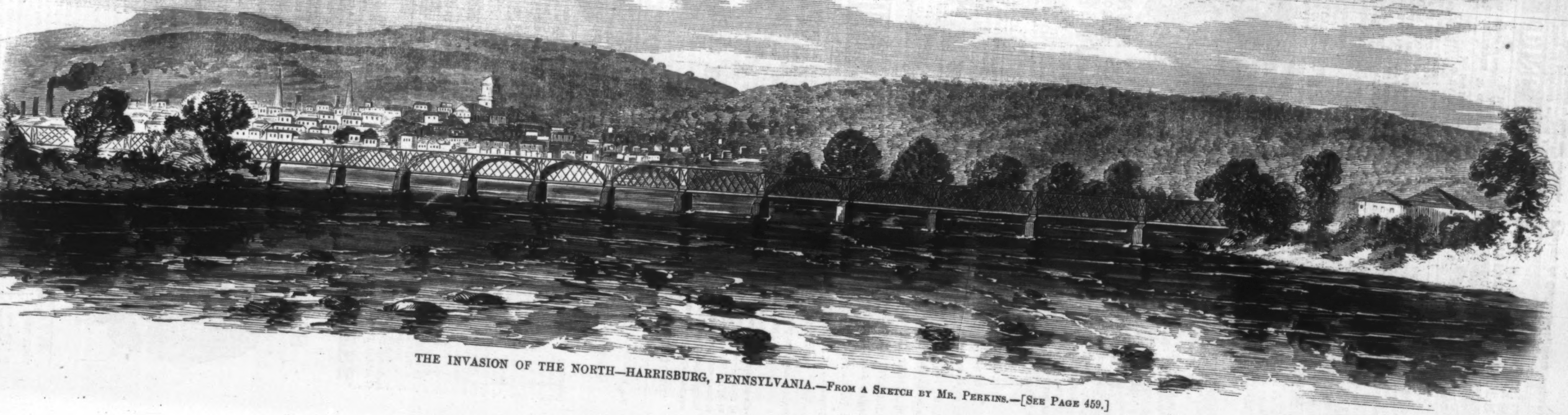
Two days after that there was a wedding, and Grace Ashland became in due form mistress of Ralph Hazlitt's home. It was two months before he was exchanged and went back to the war, and she had learned in that time to think having was better than waiting.


COAL MEN TO ARMS! THE COAL TRADE IS STOPPED
DEFENCE OF THE STATE
UNION LEAGUE
THE BULLETIN BOARD
MAYORS OFFICE
TO ARMS! TO ARMS! ALL MEN
FALL IN MEN WASHINGTON GRAYS
UNION LEAGUE REGIMENT
COALMEN RALLY
BY ORDER OF MAJ. GEN. DANA ABLE BODIED COLORED MEN
THE BEST CHANCE YET OFFERED NO GUARD OR PICKET DUTY
WOODWARDS LIGHT BATTERY
MERC REGIMENT
THE COAL MEN
THE UNION LEAGUE
TO ARMS! TO ARMS!!
MEN OF COLOR COME FORWARD DEFEND OF THE CITY
THE CONTRABANDS
AT BETHEL CHURCH

THE INVASION OF THE NORTH—STREET SCENES IN PHILADELPHIA.—Sketched by Mr. Thomas Nast.—[See Page 459.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SKIRMISH AT UPPERVILLE, VIRGINIA, JUNE 21, 1863.—From a Sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 462.]



THE INVASION OF THE NORTH—HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—From a Sketch by Mr. Perkins.—[See Page 459.]

THE HOUR AND THE CAUSE.

July 4, 1863.

We're living in a glorious hour! The world scarce ever saw
A clearer right for man to fight for liberty and law.
For liberty such as God gives to nations He has bless'd,
The captive's chains to loosen, and to set free the oppress'd:
Such law as was ordained in heaven by Love's almighty pen,
By angel heralds brought to earth—"Peace, and good-will to men!"
This is the cause we plead to-day, with voice and pen and sword,
Till every foe be vanquished, and the right shall be restored!

When Sumter first was fired upon, where waved our flag on high,
When first Columbia's loyal sons awoke to Freedom's cry;
When calls for peace, for compromise, for justice, were in vain,
Scarce heard in Treason's louder call, "Rend ye the land in twain!"
O! then the hearts of freemen leaped as lightning flashes forth!
Then rushed to arms with one consent the freemen of the North:
"Now by our fathers' deeds," they swore, "and by our fathers' graves,
The work they planned for aye shall last where'er yon banner waves!"

Lo! from among the nations, fronting her foes in wroth,
Columbia stands majestic, to lead her armies forth,
With words of fierce entreaty the dullest soul might stir,
She treads the path of duty, and bids us follow her:
"Shame be to every one," she says, "confusion be his guide,
Who in this hour of tumult fears combat by my side!
Ay, shame to all upon the earth, of high or low degree,
Who league with the oppressor to stifle liberty!"

This day for years our fathers called, each from his lowly grave,
"Say, have ye wrought for freedom?—hold ye in the land no slave?"
And sadder grew each pallid brow, and deeper their distress,
As often as they asked us, and we slowly faltered, "Yes."
But now no more in sadness do our country's dead appear,
For we have wrought for freedom through all this awful year;
And a light shines on their faces to illumine our dull way,
As with eager lips we answer them—"We hold no Slaves to-day!"

Then ring the bells right merrily throughout our Northern land,
Let the booming of the cannon give an echo strange and grand!
Let the notes of freedom's joyous songs bid every true heart thrill,
And the Stars and Stripes we love stream forth from every vale and hill.
Long, long ago we kept it as a day of jubilee,
When no cloud to mar the prospects of the nation could we see.
We spoke of the old war times as of a drama past—
That pleasant time is gone. *We know our fathers' deeds at last.*

Oh! never more we gaze upon that starry flag o'erhead
But we seem to hear the steps of foes upon Columbia's dead!
And the booming of the cannon breaks not on our ears again
But we think how many rebels our gallant boys have slain!
Old Bunker Hill and Lexington we wonder at no more;
Our watchwords are, "Fort Sumter!" and "Remember Baltimore!"
And where one Warren with his blood crimsoned the grassy sod,
Thousands of loyal men and true have gone *his* way to God.

Yet, standing by Columbia's side, we're marching boldly on,
Through a dark night of treachery to greet the coming dawn.
In Senate-halls, on every side, stalks Treason stern and grim,
While looking to where Justice stands the road seems long and dim.
But not for that we falter, or seek a vain repose,
Nor hasten from the battle, leaving victory to our foes:
Thank God we are no cowards! we know nor doubts nor fears,
This war for freedom shall be won an't take a hundred years!

Then shall the Union rise again in might and majesty;
Then shall her flag victorious float over land and sea;
Her soil shall be a welcome home for all the world's oppress'd,
And from the former evil her children shall find rest.
Hasten, O Time, the joyful day! Thou, Future, we implore,
Part thy veil for a moment—show us thy good gifts in store!
So shall the phantoms of the past be banished at thy breath:
Give us strength from all our weakness—give us victory from death!

THE FIGHT AT UPPERVILLE.

Mr. Waud has sent us the sketch of this affair, which we reproduce on page 461. The *Times* correspondent thus describes the fight:

Arriving at Upperville, two squadrons of the First Maine were ordered to charge through the town, which they did in the most gallant manner. The rest of the First Maine and the Fourth New York acted as supports. Just beyond the town considerable force of the enemy was massed. The First Maine, Sixth Ohio, Tenth New York, Second New York, and Fourth Pennsylvania charged upon them furiously. The resistance was greater here than at any other point. Two of our regiments were in the road, and one on each side. They charged and were repulsed; the enemy charged and were likewise repulsed. Several charges were made with like results, until the two forces became jammed in together, and a regular hand-to-hand conflict took place, lasting more than twenty minutes. In the first charge the enemy placed sharp-shooters along the stone-walls at the side of the road, and our troops suffered from their fire. General Kilpatrick also arranged a similar reception for the enemy, and thus the two forces swayed to and fro under a galling cross-fire. The officers and men on both sides fought like fiends, and in the excitement many of the enemy were killed who might have been taken prisoners. General Kilpatrick nearly lost his own life in attempting to save the life of the Colonel of a North Carolina regiment. Finally the enemy yielded, and fell back, hotly pursued by General Kilpatrick's bloody brigade, until the concentrated fire from a battery warned General Gregg that it was time to withdraw his men. The brigade of regulars which had been sent up as a support, much to the amusement of all about, wheeled and hurried out of range. The Harris Light and First Maine marched out of range as slowly and deliberately as if going upon parade. No troops in the world ever stood such a terrible fire more unflinchingly.

From Rector's Cross Roads to Upperville was almost a rout. The enemy turned at bay near Upperville. The Fourth New York charged, with General Kilpatrick at their head, and, breaking, retired, leaving General Kilpatrick a prisoner. The Fourth, however, promptly rallied, charged again, and the General was rescued. The troops, with the single exception noted, all behaved well, as did most of the officers. General Kilpatrick, commanding the centre, was always in the right place, and inspiring the men under him by his dashing example. He led several charges in person, the most dashing of all being the onset west of Upperville. Colonel Gregg, commanding the left, discharged his duties promptly and like a brave man. General Gregg commanding this division, and General Pleasanton, were near the front all day, carefully watching every movement. The former had a horse killed under him by a round shot. The conduct of Colonel Vincent, commanding the infantry, is every where spoken of in the highest terms. Captain Armstrong and Lieutenant Estes, of General Kilpatrick's staff, on two occasions, after delivering an order, led a column against the enemy under a most terrific fire, and excited the admiration of all for their gallant conduct and excellent example.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

We devote pages 449 and 452 to illustrations of the Siege of Port Hudson, from sketches by our special artist Mr. Hamilton, and by a volunteer contributor in the United States Navy.

The picture on page 449 represents the Bombardment of Port Hudson from the deck of the United States steamer *Richmond*. The author of the sketch writes:

"In the fore-ground our blue-jackets are busy with the 100-pound Parrott rifle. We are about two miles below the rebel batteries, which extend about three miles along the east bank of the river. With this gun we can reach their centre and most formidable works with ease, while with their 10-inch Columbiads they occasionally succeed in dashing the water up about us, few of their shots taking effect among our little fleet."

The other picture by the same artist shows us a mortar schooner in action. The accompanying letter says:

"Port Hudson, *June* 14, 1863.

"There are six mortar schooners here, and since the 8th of May not a night has passed but what they have made the welkin thunder with their guns. And they have several times been subjected to pretty severe firing from the enemy, but have always come out of the scratch with flying colors.

"On the 10th ult. the rebels tried to drive them and the *Essex* away from their position. And during the night of the 9th, while the sconce kettles were playing upon the rebel works, they quietly placed into position about eight guns within easy range of the schooners. At daybreak they opened with a vim that was creditable, but no sooner did the brave mortar boys discover their position than they lessened the long range charge of powder which they had been using fully two-thirds, dropping their shells with the nicest precision directly among the flashes from the bushes. This seemed to astonish Secesh, as we have since heard their men remark. We got under way, steaming up quietly, enjoying the exciting scene, and throwing a 100-pound shell from our pet Parrott as often as possible. The rebels shot threw the water up in fine style about our vessels. A few of their rifled shot came whizzing through our rigging. When just above the *Essex*, we let them have a broadside which knocked the dust about their ears in such a style that they concluded it best to close the action. We rounded to with our guns loaded for a second broadside, but waited in vain for an intimation of the whereabouts of the enemy. The conduct of the mortar schooners on this occasion, as indeed on all others, was deserving of the greatest admiration—they fired with the coolness and precision of ordinary target practice. They had been signalized by the *Essex* (who exercises a motherly charge over them) to drop down if the firing became too hot—their answer was—they were not of the dropping kind."

Of the third picture, which shows us the scene of the assault on Port Hudson on 14th, the *Times* correspondent writes:

It was as late as 10 p.m. of Saturday, June 13, that General Augur, who had just returned from the head-quarters of General Banks, told his staff that they were to be in motion at 3 a.m. of the next day. We all immediately hurried off to snatch a few hours' rest, and when I awoke at 3 o'clock I found the General and his staff already at breakfast. In half an hour afterward they were all off to the field, whither I speedily followed them.

Before dawn the most terrific cannonading commenced along our whole line that ever stunned mortal ears. The shells bursting over Port Hudson, mingled with their own firing and that of our fleet, and the dense clouds of our artillery, gave the place the appearance of one vast conflagration just about to burst into flame.

After two hours of this dreadful cannonading there was a comparative lull, and the sharp and continuous rattle of musketry told where the work of death was going on most furiously. This was at the right, where General Grover's division was placed, and under him those gallant and fearless soldiers, Generals Weitzel and Paine.

If Weitzel had the larger share in the work of the 27th, that duty seemed to-day to fall upon the command immediately under General Paine.

The forces of the latter consisted of the Eighth New Hampshire, Capt. Barrett, and the Fourth Wisconsin, under Capt. Moore, who were in advance as skirmishers. Behind these came five companies of the Fourth Massachusetts and the One hundred and Tenth New York, under Capt. Bartlett, followed by four companies of the Third brigade. Closely upon these came the Third brigade, under Col. Gooding, and composed of the Thirty-first Massachusetts, Lieut.-Col. Hopkins; Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, Maj. Richardson; Fifty-third Massachusetts, Col. Kimball; One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York, Col. Sharpe, and One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York, Col. Bryan, who was killed. Then the Second brigade, under Col. A. Fearing, and composed of the One Hundred and Thirty-third New York, Col. Currier, and the One Hundred and Seventy-third New York, Maj. Galway; the rest of this brigade being detailed as skirmishers. After the Second came the First brigade, under Col. Ferris, of the Twenty-eighth Connecticut, and composed of the Twenty-eighth Connecticut, the Fourth Massachusetts, Col. Walker, and four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth New York, under Maj. Hamilton. These were all followed up by the necessary numbers of pioneers, and Nimm's Massachusetts battery.

At 3.30 a.m. of Sunday, June 14, the column formed on the Clinton road, and commenced moving. At about 4 a.m. the skirmishers moved right up to the scene of action—Gen. Paine being with them in advancing, and the deadly work commenced—the enemy pouring in upon them the most terrible volleys, and our dauntless men combating their way right up to the enemy's breast-works. For hours the carnage continued furiously—our determined soldiers, in spite of their General being seriously wounded, and in spite of the fearful odds against them of fighting against men snugly screened behind their barriers, keeping up the fight with the most indomitable bravery. It was impossible for any men, under their circumstances, to show more reckless disregard of death.

But Port Hudson was destined not to be carried this time—at that point, at any rate. Owing to the horrible inequalities of the ground, and the impediments which the overwhelming slaughter of our advance had created, the whole column was not able to come up as expected, and late in the afternoon our troops had to be withdrawn. During the intensest part of the struggle, it is only fair to say that Col. Kimball, of the Fifty-third, and Col. Currier, of the One Hundred and Thirty-third New-York, advanced most gallantly with their men to reinforce those in front.

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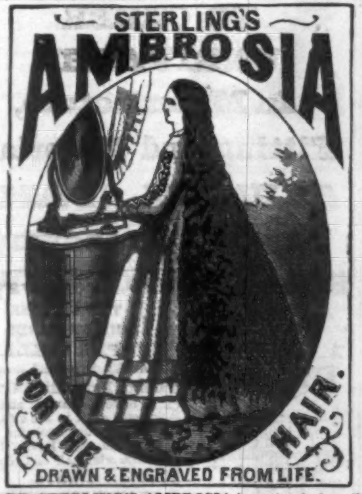
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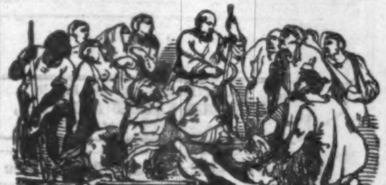

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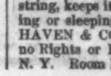

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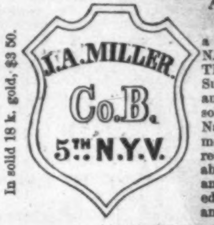
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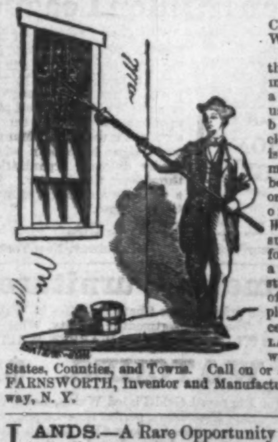

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